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MY TWO LOVES.

BY T. S. T.

I love two women; both are good and kind;
And one is tenderer than the infant dawn,
Full of wise counsels, loving as a fawn,
And, lover-like, to all my follies blind.

The other, like a tender, blooming rose,
Shaking its sweets upon the air,
Shakes in my heart love's odors and doth bear
Life's sweetest pleasures as she goes.

I love them fondly—unto both I'm true—
Nay, blame me not! nor deem me free of speech,
For I am loyal still and just to each!
One is my mother, and one, sweet, is you.

CALM AND STORM

BY PHYLLIS.

CHAPTER I.

LOUGH OULER, dark and gloomy, with scudding squalls of spray and crisp white snarling waves—Lough Ouler, glittering, peaceful, beneath a summer sky—Lough Ouler, in every shifting mood of sun and shade, is ever fair to the view. The eye dwells with pleasure on its bays, its tiny creeks, its wooded isles, its broad expanse of shimmering, dancing water, that is crossed now and again by a small white sail, which seems to turn the lake a deeper blue, the trees a deeper green.

At the western extremity of the Lough there runs out a long narrow promontory which, in some parts, is wooded to the shore, the slender branches of the birch and mountain ash dropping down into the brown water; and in others there are great patches of reeds and water-lilies, amongst the tangled masses of which the wild fowl love to hide; and here may be seen at times a tall gray crane rising out of the water-flags and flapping slowly across the lake, uttering his hoarse grating cry as he goes.

Near the end of the promontory stands an old gray castle, so sheltered by ancient trees that it is only the blue smoke which rises high above the branches that tells a habitation must be hidden there. The castle has been for many years falling out of repair. The ivy has grown and thickened round its old gray walls and narrow windows; the grass and brake have closed round the pleasure-grounds until only a strip of garden remains in front of the house.

Both wings are closed and given up to dominion of rats and mice, the whole place having a dreary deserted appearance suggestive of poverty and neglect. Here the Eyres had lived for many generations, decreasing in family and wealth, until its present owner, Mr. Eyre, had little left except the Castle and a few acres of pasture land.

Mr. Eyre belonged to the true Irish type of country gentleman, hospitable, thriftless, and indolent, ever desirous of shifting the burden of responsibility upon the shoulders of another, if it were possible. And so it came about that it was his daughter Dorothy who bore the weight of anxiety, her hands which held the reins of government, her mind which planned and thought and kept poverty at bay. But Dorothy had a self-reliant nature, and the load of anxiety did not weigh her down; and, though her life was a lonely one, she was always bright and cheerful, always occupied and merry. When she ran, singing, up and down the stairs, her fresh young face and clear sweet voice chased away the gloomy shadows in the old house, and when she entered a room it seemed as if she brought the sunshine and fresh air with her.

The Eyres had always lived hard; and Mr. Eyre would say—not regretfully, but with a certain amount of pride—that Jack, his only son, was a true descendant of the race, in person as well as in character. Mr. Eyre's love for his son was the all-absorbing passion of his life, and made him yield to all his wishes and whims, however wild or fanciful, even to the last, though it had nearly broken his heart. This was when Jack caught the war-fever which was raging at the time, and insisted upon entering the army. He had been sent on active service shortly afterwards, and an additional gloom fell upon the house. Mr. Eyre's thoughts were centred on the boy he loved so well with an intensity of anxiety that Dorothy found hard to witness, and which grew into sickening dread when the news of an engagement was heard.

It was late in spring when they received a pencil-scrawl from Jack. He was well, and had not been wounded in the last engagement with the enemy, though at one time his life had been in imminent danger, and only saved by a friend, at great risk to himself.

In Jack's next letter he entered more fully into details, adding that his friend, whose name was Howard, had been invalided home, and that he hoped his father would invite him to stay at Eyre Castle and show him any civility in his power.

Jack's safety secured, Mr. Eyre's thoughts naturally turned in gratitude to his son's preserver; and, a few months later, when Mr. Howard had arrived in England, he wrote him a cordial note of invitation, asking him to come and spend some time at Eyre Castle. The invitation was accepted as cordially as it was given, and an early date fixed for his arrival. Mr. Eyre was pleased at the prospect of seeing the man who had saved Jack's life, and being able to thank him personally; but Dorothy hailed his coming with different feelings. She knew the wants and deficiencies of the house, which was in many ways unfit for the reception of a guest. She had often heard Jack speak of Mr. Howard, and what he had said did not help to diminish her fears. At length, in despair, she confided them to her father, though with scant hopes that he would yield her any consolation on the subject.

"Oh, nonsense, Dolly!" laughed Mr. Eyre, who, with his hands in his pockets and a jovial expression on his face, was pacing up and down the room. "Nonsense! You always manage to have things right." With this manly disregard of housekeeping difficulties he thought to dissipate his daughter's fears. "I tell you what, though, Dolly," continued Mr. Eyre, after a while, "I must get some wine; young fellows are so confoundedly particular nowadays as to what they drink."

"Oh, papa," said Dorothy, with some hesitation, "don't you think we could do without it? We have none left, you know; and we have so little money."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Eyre impatiently. "We must have wine, whatever we do without. How unreasonable you are, Dorothy! You have just been saying you did not know what to get."

Dorothy made no reply; experience had taught her that it was useless to argue with her father; but her face grew grave as she watched Mr. Eyre seat himself at the writing-table with a wine-list spread out before him. That his choice would be the most expensive she did not doubt; Irish hospitality and Irish recklessness of expenditure would make it so; and, to put herself out of the way of the temptation of making remarks, she took up her work and left the room.

The day at length arrived upon which Mr. Howard was expected. It was an anxious, busy day to Dorothy as she strove to devise means of providing their visitor with comfort and hiding the nakedness of the land. Many were the consultations held with old Molly, the cook, upon the all-important subject of dinner, many the visits paid to the kitchen to see that all was going well; and then Dorothy ransacked the bare little garden to find flowers and leaves wherewith to deck out the table, on which operation she expended an hour's time before it was completed to her satisfaction. At length her simple preparations were ended, and, there being no more to be done, Dorothy went down to the edge of the lake to await Mr. Howard's arrival.

Visitors coming to the Castle had to be ferried across the strip of water which lay between them and the promontory, it being several miles round by the road. It still wanted some time of the hour he was expected, and Dorothy sat down upon a rock to await his coming.

At last she heard the shrill whistle of the train as it approached Eyre station; and, not long afterwards, she saw the boat putting off from the opposite side. As it drew nearer, she could see its occupants without herself being seen, the drooping boughs of the trees screening her from view. Paddy, the boy who looked after Mr. Eyre's horse and did some of the work of the establishment, was rowing; and, seated in the stern, was a slight fair-haired young man enveloped in a gray ulster, with cap to match, a large amount of luggage being piled round him.

"Oh," cried Dorothy, with a little gasp, "what a quantity of luggage!"—and her heart sank; for surely the owner of so many possessions must be a very grand personage indeed.

But when the boat came alongside of the little stone pier, and Valentine Howard, seeing Dorothy, lifted his cap and smiled, her spirits suddenly revived and her heart grew light again.

He was little more than a boy, she thought, as she followed her father down the stone steps to meet and welcome him as Jack's preserver should be welcomed. Mr. Howard colored a little and looked embarrassed as they spoke their gratitude and expressed their pleasure in making his acquaintance; but he replied so frankly and courteously as at once to make a favorable impression upon both father and daughter.

While Mr. Eyre led his guest up to the house under the tall old trees, where the rooks were cawing pleasantly, Dorothy had leisure to steal a glance at him. He was not in the least like what she had pictured him to be in her mind, this hero who had faced death at the cannon's mouth to save a friend's life. He was too young and debonair to correspond to her ideal, who had been like Launcelot—

"Of twice her years,
Scarred with a sword-cut on his cheek."

"You are so like your brother, Miss Eyre," said Valentine Howard, when they had reached the drawing-room and Dorothy was pouring out tea—"so wonderfully like!"

Dorothy smiled and blushed. Jack was the acknowledged beauty of the family, and she could receive no higher meed of praise than to be told she was like him.

"It makes me feel as if we were old friends, continued Valentine, his smiling blue eyes scrutinizing the girl's face in a manner which was not impertinent, but only friendly and admiring. "I only hope I shall not call you Jack by mistake."

Dorothy's anxious fears had been forgotten during the hours before dinner, but they revived suddenly when old Molly announced that the meal was ready; and they entered the old dining-room, with its faded portraits and dark walls. All her little efforts to smarten up the room and table appeared so poor and contemptible now that she surveyed them through the eyes of her guest, and, flushed and anxious, she sat through the meal too harassed with doubts and fears to be able to eat.

Dinner however passed off pleasantly; and, if Valentine were surprised at the interior of the old Castle, or the Eyres' mode of life, he was too well-bred to display it. There was no lack of conversation, for Mr. Eyre had so much to ask concerning Jack, and Valentine so much to tell, which he did well, modestly keeping his own exploits in the background and giving due prominence to his friend's, while all the time his smiling eyes were fixed upon Dorothy's face, which was as changeable as the surface of the lake; and Dorothy listened like Desdemona of old, and when she reached her room at night looked in wonder at the clock.

How late it was, and yet how short the evening had appeared! And then she sat down and began to think it over. How pleasantly the time had flown, and how unlike it was to their customary evenings, when her father fell asleep in his chair and she worked or made up accounts! And how charming their guest was—so good-looking and agreeable, quite unlike any one she had ever met before—and how modest about his own exploits, and how enthusiastic about Jack! How glad she was that he had come to stay at Eyre Castle! She only hoped it might be a long visit. So Dorothy mused, unconscious that Puck had already squeezed some magic juice into her eyes, and that life would never be quite the same to her again.

Valentine meanwhile had also reached his room, after smoking a pipe with Mr. Eyre, and, having set his candle down, was glancing around him in comical dismay. The room was large and bare of furniture, the windows curtainless, the carpet like Joseph's coat of many colors, patterns, and pieces. A cold draught came whistling in through the ill-fitting window-frames, and shook and rattled the door as it went sighing drearily down the empty carpetless corridor.

"Hang the noise!" soliloquised Valentine, and he went impatiently over to the door to secure it; but there was neither lock nor bolt, nor fastening of any description. "Bother the beastly thing—how can I settle it? I have it—the tongs!"

But when Valentine went over to the fireplace, he was not more fortunate in his quest; the grate contained nothing but a piece of rusty old iron, which, though it might be used as a poker, was certainly useless as a door-fastener. Valentine next turned to his portmanteau, and, after some search, found a book-jack, which with difficulty he succeeded in inserting under the door. Tired with his exertions, he looked round for a chair, smiling to himself as he did so.

"I wonder if one could sit upon any of these articles? They look as if they would go to pieces if they were touched; but here goes; I will try the experiment;" and he seated himself gingerly on the chair that looked most likely to sustain his weight, and then drew forth his watch. "Good Heaven, it's only half past eleven! What an hour to go to bed at; and, by Jove, what a bed!"—glancing at the solemn old four-poster, hung with dingy merino, that stood in a corner of the room. "What a place this is, to be sure! I could never have imagined anything

like it. Do all Irish people live in houses—no, castles—I beg their pardon—like this, I wonder? And are they all as out at elbows as the old chap down-stairs? The girl is confoundedly pretty all the same, and the wine not bad; but still I think Jack might have told me the sort of place it was, so that one might know what to expect. A castle sounds—so—so."

Valentine, much to his surprise here, found that he was falling asleep, and so repaired to the venerable four-poster, under whose dingy curtains he was soon slumbering peacefully.

* * * * * *

When Valentine came down to breakfast the following morning, Mr. Eyre declared the day to be a perfect one for fishing; the sky was cloudy, the wind south. Would Mr. Howard like to fish? He was sorry he could not go with him himself, being detained by business; but, if he wished, Dorothy should accompany him to point out the best places for sport.

Valentine agreed to this proposition with alacrity; he was always happy in the society of a pretty woman, and Miss Eyre was undeniably pretty, in the true Irish type of beauty, straight and lithesome, with gray-green eyes and thick dark lashes, a clear bright skin that showed the color coming and going beneath it, and a winning smile. She would be a delightful companion for a long day's excursion, Valentine thought; and the expedition would have an additional charm in her being without a chaperon, for Valentine had a strongly-rooted aversion to chaperons. They were a restraint and curtailed his liberty, and Valentine liked to be free. Flirtation was with him a science, a game of skill, which he took delight in playing unhindered.

So accordingly, after breakfast, Dorothy and he set forth on their expedition, accompanied by a boy to row; and, when they had got out some distance from shore, they hoisted the sail, and soon were skimming across the blue lake, with the breeze blowing freshly in their faces.

At each tack the little vessel made some new vista opened out views of wooded banks and tiny creeks and long bright stretches of gleaming water.

Valentine's gaze rested carelessly on the beauty of the scene, and then came back to Dorothy's face and lingered there; for he ever preferred a pretty face to the most beautiful of nature's objects. And Dorothy looked her best as she sat in the stern of the boat steering, her slender figure swaying a little as she held the tiller-ropes, her cheeks rosy from the fresh wind, a bright look of interest on her face. There was plenty of gay conversation carried on between them, for Dorothy was frank and outspoken, and had never learnt to disguise or hide her feelings, stating her views with a decision of manner Valentine found most amusing.

"Now," exclaimed Dorothy, when they had reached the place agreed upon to begin fishing—"now we will take down our sail, and you shall begin to fish. This is a sure find, as Jack would say."

Taking up the oculls, she backed the boat a little nearer in to shore, and then turned it sideways, so as to drift with the wind. At this part of the lake the shore was wooded, and the sun flickered down through the drooping branches in long wavering green lights. It was just the color of Dorothy's eyes, Valentine thought, and stole a glance to see if he were right.

"You are very slow," said Dorothy, who was watching him arranging his rod somewhat impatiently. "Do let me settle those flies?"

Valentine drew nearer and partly yielded his cast to her, and together they began disentangling knots and straightening the line. Dorothy worked away deftly at it, but Valentine's efforts were clumsy, and the knots seemed to multiply under his hands in some mysterious manner.

"I wish you would let me do it," remarked Dorothy—"you are making it worse instead of better;" and then she suddenly raised her eyes and looked at him with grave rebuke. "I believe you are doing it on purpose."

Valentine laughed and let go the line, and Dorothy quickly adjusted it. And then the business of the day began. But perhaps the fish were not hungry, or perhaps they were scared by the unaccustomed sound of conversation and laughter; be the cause what it might, but few fish found their way into Valentine's basket. The young man however did not mind, indeed, it seemed as if he preferred conversation to fishing, for he frequently laid down his rod, and only took it up again after several reminders from Dorothy.

It was a long pleasant day, but at length the sun, setting red behind the woods, warned them that it was time to turn homewards, and, the sail being hoisted, they were soon under way.

That evening Valentine discovered that Dorothy could sing; and, when Mr. Eyre had fallen asleep after dinner, he induced her to go to the piano and sing for him, while he listened with closed eyes, sitting in the most comfortable chair the room afforded.

Dorothy had never received a singing-lesson in her life, but her voice was none the worse for that; it was true and sweet, and she sang naturally like a bird on a tree; and, as Valentine listened, a pleasant sense of drowsiness and content stole over him.

He had enjoyed his day's boating; Dorothy was a pleasant little girl, to whom it was no trouble to talk. Altogether, his visit at Eyre Castle might not be so dull as he at first imagined. And, had not Dorothy stopped singing abruptly, Valentine would have fallen asleep, for his thoughts were wandering and growing vague. He roused himself then, and thanked her in a few well-expressed words which made Dorothy value her gift of song more than she had ever done before.

CHAPTER II.

IN a short time Valentine became quite at home in the old Castle. Mr. Eyre was so genial and cheery a companion, Dorothy so bright and pretty, that the days slipped pleasantly away.

It was on the morning of the fourth day after his arrival that Mr. Eyre Dorothy, and Valentine set forth for a walk. Mr. Eyre wished to visit a tenant who lived some distance away; and it was arranged that Dorothy and Valentine should accompany him there, and then return, as he would be detained for some little time.

The day was fair and sunny, but the fresh sweet breeze that came rippling down the lake prevented it from being too hot, and the walk through the wood was cool and pleasant, the path winding along close to the water's edge, where the great flags and bulrushes stood up green and tall, the brown water gurgling softly in amongst their stalks.

"Have you any neighbors about here?" inquired Valentine, when they paused to look through an opening in the trees at a long vista of shimmering water in which the green islands appeared to float. "It's an awfully pretty place certainly, but it must be very lonely in winter time."

"No, we have not very many neighbors," answered Dorothy; "only the clergyman and his wife and the Doctor and one or two others."

"You have not mentioned our best friend, Dolly," said Mr. Eyre. "Our nearest neighbor"—turning to Valentine—"is Sir William Armstronge; he lives on one of the islands, and has a very fine house and place."

"Is he married?" asked Valentine carelessly, though the deepening color in Dorothy's soft cheeks had not escaped his notice.

"Oh, no, he's not married!" returned Mr. Eyre. "He is rather a peculiar fellow. I must tell you he is very clever and well-informed, but he is slightly deformed, and is very touchy upon the subject. I believe he thinks a woman would only marry him for the sake of his place and money; and, as he is a great lover of art, he is very particular upon the matter of beauty, and says he will never marry an ugly woman; so it will be rather difficult for him to find a suitable person. He once painted a picture of Dolly," added Mr. Eyre irrelevantly, after a little pause.

There was some consciousness in Mr. Eyre's voice and manner, which, coupled with his preceding words and Dorothy's heightened color, made Valentine infer that Sir William Armstronge was an admirer of Miss Eyre. A rival would just add such such a zest to his flirtation with her as was required; and Valentine turned to the girl, with a well-chosen compliment concerning her portrait and Sir William's love of beauty.

Dorothy looked displeased, whether at his compliment or her father's words Valentine could not determine.

"We must take you to see Innismore some day," continued Mr. Eyre. "It is quite one of the lions of the place. I will write Sir William a line to-night, and ask what day will be most convenient to him for our visit."

"I should like it of all things," responded Valentine warmly, his eyes still studying Dorothy's face.

They had reached their destination by this time, having parted from Mr. Eyre, Valentine and Dorothy turned homewards.

"What sort of fellow is Sir William Armstronge?" asked Valentine, after they had gone a little way in silence. "Is he young? Is he good looking? Tell me all about him, Miss Eyre."

"He is not young," replied Dorothy, "nor is he old; he is not at all good-looking, but he is very rich and clever."

"That sounds like one of Ollendorff's answers," laughed Valentine. "'I am not cold. I am not hot. I have got the white hat of my brother!' And he is very rich and clever, you say—happy fellow! And is he a great friend of yours?"

"If you ask Ollendorff questions you must expect Ollendorff answers," returned Dorothy, in her downright way.

"But you have not told me if he is a friend of yours."

"He is my father's friend," replied Miss Eyre demurely.

"Well, I must wait and judge for myself upon the subject, if you won't tell me," laughed the young man. "What do you do with yourself in the winter?" he asked, after a pause. "Does not time hang heavily on your hands, and don't you get the blues?"

"Oh, I have always plenty to do!" replied Dorothy. "I housekeep and look after the garden and make my own dresses, and a hundred other things."

"And talk to your friend Sir William Armstronge," interrupted Valentine. "That sounds very pleasant. And did you make that dress you are wearing now?"—looking at it critically. "It's very becoming. What an extremely clever person you must be! I wish my sisters did the same, and then"—an injured expression came on his handsome face, "there would not be such confoundedly long dressmakers' bills to pay."

"Tell me about your sisters," said Dorothy, looking interested; "are they pretty?"

"They are like me," rejoined Valentine, with the utmost gravity, "only not so good-looking, and they are just like other girls. I used to think all girls were the same, until lately."

"And what made you change your mind?" asked Dorothy, turning her dark-lashed eyes upon him inquiringly.

"You," retorted Valentine audaciously; "because you are not in the least like any other girl I have ever met."

"Why?" said Dorothy, coloring. "How am I different?"

"You are ever so much nicer, in the first instance," replied Valentine jestingly; "and then you always say what you think—which very few young ladies do—and you make your own dresses."

"You are laughing at me," said Dorothy indignantly.

"Laughing at you! Indeed I'm not. You asked me a question, and I answered it as plainly as you would have done yourself."

Dorothy made no reply to this defence; and they walked on in silence for some little way.

"I can show you a photograph of my sisters, if you like," declared Valentine, pausing and pulling out his pocket-book. "But won't you sit down, and then you will be able to look at them more comfortably? Besides, I am awfully tired. Look, here is a jolly old stump that will make a capital throne for you."

Dorothy smiled, and took her seat on the moss-covered trunk lying beside the path.

"Now," said Valentine, sitting down beside her, "here is the photograph; tell me what you think of it."

Dorothy took the photograph in her hand, Valentine watching her face as she gazed at it. It represented two young ladies seated in a swing; they were dressed in white, and had tiny waists and curly heads. Dorothy's gaze grew somewhat wistful. They were, as Valentine had said, quite unlike herself—fashionable, well-dressed, belonging to a different world from that in which she lived.

"They are like you," she said at length, glancing from the photograph to his face, and then back again.

"Only, as I remarked before, not so good looking," laughed Valentine gaily. "But I have another photograph here. This is Maud, my youngest sister, and a friend of hers."

"What is her name?" asked Dorothy bluntly. "I do not think she is at all pretty."

Valentine began to laugh.

"You are very severe upon my friend, Miss Eyre. That is Lady Sarah Cowper. She is not very much to look at, but——"

"I beg your pardon," said Dorothy, coloring. "I do not mean to be rude; but I think we had better go home now; it is getting late;" and Dorothy sprang to her feet and quickly handed back the photographs to Valentine.

The next morning, when the post came in, Mr. Eyre announced that he had received a letter, in answer to his own, from Sir William Armstrong," saying he hoped they would bring Mr. Howard to luncheon the following day, when he would be at home and happy to receive them. And so it was arranged; and Paddy was told to have the boat in readiness at twelve o'clock, when they intended to start.

* * * * * *

The morning dawned wet and gloomy; but after breakfast began to lighten, and the thick fog which lay like wool over the lake and islands began slowly to roll up like the drop scene before a play, and by twelve o'clock the mist had all cleared away, and some watery sunshine was struggling out between the clouds.

Innismore was situated some distance down the lake; but a breeze from the west had sprung up, and, hoisting the sail, they were soon scudding over the water, the cool damp breeze blowing freshly in their faces. On the way, Mr. Eyre spoke a great deal about Sir William Armstronge, telling how, as a young man, he had lived a strangely secluded life, devoted to his art, until, by the sudden and unexpected death of his elder brother, who was drowned on a yachting tour to Norway, he inherited the property. Since then he had amused himself by adding various improvements to the house and place, until, as Mr. Eyre said, it was as perfect as art and nature could make it.

Dorothy took no part in the conversation; she sat in the stern of the boat, apparently engrossed in steering the little vessel. When they came near the island upon which Innismore was built, they lowered the sail and rowed in to the smart little pier which Sir William Armstronge had built for the convenience of his friends; then, having secured the boat, they landed and walked up the path leading to the house.

Innismore House was an Elizabethan structure, and stood on an eminence, commanding a wide-spreading view of the lake and its many green islands, while three broad avenues of lime-trees branched out from the house and ran down to the lake. When the party reached the broad flight of stone steps leading up to the hall door, they were met by their host, who had come out to receive them.

Sir William Armstronge was a little man, approaching middle age, with shoulders so high and rounded as almost to amount to deformity. He had a dark beard and sharp little eyes—so light a shade of blue as to be almost colorless. Valentine stood watching him while he shook hands with Mr. Eyre and Dorothy, smiling to himself—in the insolence of youth and good looks—at his rival's appearance.

Sir William favored Valentine with a sharp scrutinizing glance from under his bushy eyebrows when Mr. Eyre made them known to each other, and then growled out a few words of welcome. After which he offered to show the party over the house, as it was yet quite luncheon-time.

Valentine did not know or care much about either pictures or china; but he followed the Baronet through the rooms, his courteous, well-bred manner atoning for his want of knowledge concerning the various objects of art which Sir William pointed out to him. They reached at length a long bright gallery, where most of Sir William's pictures hung; and the Baronet turned to Dorothy, who was following at some distance behind.

"Miss Eyre," he said, "I have hung your portrait. I hope you will give me your opinion as to whether you think the light favorable. I am not sure whether it has been done justice to or not;" and he led them up to the place where Dorothy's picture adorned the wall.

It was a life sized head and shoulders, done in oils, and was wonderfully life-like, though the expression was somewhat too sorrowful, Valentine thought, as he looked at the grave sweet face and thoughtful eyes that appeared to be gazing straight towards him from the canvas.

"You were apparently in a very doleful mood when you were sitting for your portrait," remarked Valentine, smiling at the girl.

"I particularly wished the expression to be thoughtful," said Sir William, turning somewhat sharply upon the young man. "I hate a smirking portrait; but do you think the picture is well hung, Miss Eyre? I should like to hear your opinion upon the subject."

"Oh, it is capital!" cried Mr. Eyre. "Nothing could be better! It is a charm-

ing picture; is it not, Dolly? Only I think you have flattered her too much, Armstronge."

"It would be quite impossible to flatter Miss Eyre," said Sir William, with old-fashioned politeness. "It is difficult even to do her justice."

Valentine could not repress a smile at finding his conjectures confirmed. Sir William was evidently an admirer of Dorothy, and an admirer approved of by Mr. Eyre, as he could see at a glance; and suddenly a spirit of rivalry grew strong within him. Nothing could afford him more pleasure than to distance his rival in Dorothy's affections; and then a smile again came into his eyes as the gong sounded loudly in the hall below. Sir William offered his arm to Dorothy, and led her down to the dining-room.

This little man, with his old fashioned politeness, was an amusing study to Valentine; and, as he glanced round the handsome room, with its rare old plate and china, it struck him that Sir William might prove no mean rival, possessing as he did all the advantages that wealth could give.

Luncheon passed off pleasantly; Sir William, though somewhat brusque and sharp in manner, was a clever man, and could speak well upon most subjects, and he and Mr. Eyre kept the conversation going. Dorothy spoke little during the meal; she appeared shy and embarrassed, Valentine noticed, whenever Sir William addressed her; nor did she meet his eyes, though he sat directly opposite to her and strove to attract her attention. When the meal was concluded, Sir William offered to show Mr. Howard the grounds of the place, and, leading the way with Dorothy, Sir William set forth.

The pleasure-grounds of Inniamore were its greatest charm. There were the cool sweet avenues of lime-trees, their fragrance filling the air, and the paths that wound along by the edge of the lake, where the brown water came gurgling in pleasantly amongst the rushes and stones, and soft green velvet turf, running steeply down to the lake, and seats cut in the grassy bank, from which wide spreading views of Lough Ouler and its surrounding hills could be obtained.

Mr. Eyre kept Valentine by his side, walking slow and at intervals pausing, on pretence of pointing out some particularly fine view, so as to allow Dorothy and Sir William to pass out of ear-shot.

The watery sunshine which had struggled out at noon had now completely vanished, and the sky had grown threatening again, while the waters of the lake lay chill and gray, like a great sheet of lead, so calm had it suddenly become now that the wind had died away.

"I tell you what," said Mr. Eyre, glancing at the sullen-looking heavens, "we are going to have more rain. I will see if Paddy is in the boat, for I think we ought to start at once. If you will wait for me here, I'll be back again in a moment."

So saying, Mr. Eyre ran quickly down the green slope leading to the boat-house, and after a moment's pause, continued his way along the path.

Meanwhile Dorothy and Sir William had wandered on round a sharp wooded point, and then paused to look at the leaden heaving lake that lay before them.

"Miss Eyre," said Sir William, "I have been speaking to your father upon a subject very near my heart; has he mentioned it to you?"

"No," said Dorothy, growing red and embarrassed; and then she turned, as if about to retrace her steps, but her companion detained her.

"No, no—don't go, Miss Eyre," said the Baronet earnestly. "I have been anxious for an opportunity and now you must hear me out. You know I am not like other men. I am only a poor cripple, and therefore——"

"Oh, don't say that!" exclaimed Dorothy, in a pained voice. "I——"

"Yes—yes," said Sir William, waving his hand. "There is no use in trying to disguise the fact; I am not like other men. I cannot make a fool of myself by talking of love. I will not ask you if you love me; but, if you will be my wife, I will make you happy. You shall never have a desire ungratified;" and he took her hand. "Miss Eyre, I am very lonely. Will you come and share my desert island with me?"

"Oh, don't!" cried Dorothy sharply; and she tried to draw away her hand, but Sir William held it fast. "Don't, please! I could never——"

"Don't give me an answer yet," interrupted Sir William. "I will wait. Think over what I have said."

"No—no!" cried Dorothy, in the most determined manner. "I could never——"

And then she paused abruptly, and a great wave of color rushed over her face and up to the roots of her hair, and she tore away her hand; for there, close beside her, stood Valentine, gazing at her and Sir William, with an amused smile in his handsome blue eyes.

"I came to tell you, Miss Eyre, that your father thinks we are going to have more rain, and is anxious to start at once; he has gone to see if the boat is ready. The wind has fallen so much that we shall have to row home, I think."

"Very well," answered Dorothy, covered with confusion, her cheeks still painfully hot. "I am quite ready to start whenever papa wishes."

Valentine was merciful, and did not look at her again, but turned to Sir William with a courteous speech expressive of the pleasure he felt in having made his acquaintance and seen his charming house and place. It would be a long time before he forgot the delightful day he had spent at Inniamore.

Sir William grumbled a few words in return, and looked exceedingly annoyed at the interruption; it might be some time before he was again afforded an opportunity of pressing his suit, for Dorothy generally contrived not to be left alone with him.

They turned then, and walked back to the boat-house, where they found Mr. Eyre impatiently awaiting them; and, having said good-bye to Sir William, they entered the boat, and soon were on their way home. When they had rowed out from under shelter of the island, they hoisted the sail to discover if there was wind enough to fill; but it flapped idly against the mast, and, after a few minutes, they pulled it down and took up their oars.

Now that they could obtain an uninterrupted view of the lake and sky, they became aware how completely the weather had changed. Every moment that passed the sky appeared to grow lower and more threatening, while along the eastern horizon stretched a thick fog-bank, at which Mr. Eyre glanced somewhat apprehensively. They had not gone very far when a light easterly breeze sprang up and rippled the surface of the water; and, anxious to take advantage of the breeze, which might die away again at any moment, Mr. Eyre hoisted the sail, and they were soon running before the wind.

But the breeze did not come alone; it bore with it the cold, dark fog; and the light grew rapidly dimmer and dimmer as the fog came creeping on. Then suddenly Inniamore was swallowed up in it and disappeared wholly from their view.

"I hope this fog will not follow us," exclaimed Mr. Eyre. "If it does we'll not get home to night."

"Indeed we are in for it now, sir," said Paddy, with a grin; "we must make our minds up to spend the night on the Lough."

Looking round, Valentine could not deny that the boy was right, for each moment the atmosphere around them was growing thicker and thicker. All at once the dense mass of vapor closed round them, and the sail fell flapping against the mast.

"By Jove, we are in for it now!" exclaimed Mr. Eyre hurriedly, unconsciously repeating Paddy's words. "Get the sail down, Paddy; we must take to our oars, and see if we can grope our way along somehow."

"I suppose it will be a troublesome business, getting home," remarked Valentine.

"If we do get home at all," replied Mr. Eyre dubiously; "but these fogs are the very mischief. We may go to the bottom if we run upon a rock, and there are plenty round most of the islands, or the current may sweep us in the very opposite direction from that in which we want to go. The fog may lift however, or be blown over us, that is, if any wind gets up; but I must confess it does not look like it just at present."

Valentine glanced at Dorothy, to see if she were frightened. The dark chilly vapor was lying against their faces and making breathing a difficult operation, while only a few inches of water could be seen by the boat's edge—so densely thick was the fog—and that looked black as ink in contrast with the misty covering. Dorothy, as well as he could see through the blinding mist, was somewhat pale; she knew and realized their position more than he did, for various stories of fogs on the lake, with their accompanying catastrophes, were recalling themselves freely to her mind. The last she had heard she remembered vividly—a bride and bride groom, who were spending their honeymoon at Lough Ouler, had gone out boating. The boat had been observed close to Inniamore, and then, a fog descending, it was seen no more. It was supposed it had struck a sunken rock and foundered, for a few days afterwards the bodies of the young couple were washed ashore. Dorothy tried to turn away her thoughts from the disagreeable subject, but unavailingly, for the fog seemed to depress her and make her melancholy. So, for a while, no word was spoken as they rowed slowly on, the chilly vapor seeming to blind, deafen, and suffocate them in its opacity.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

How Oatmeal is Made.—The first operation in the manufacture of the meal is the removing from the oats all the cockle, small oats and foreign seeds of whatever kind, for if any of these remain the quality of the meal is much injured.

Black oats, if even of good quality, give a bad appearance to the manufactured meal, as it reappears in the form of black particles, which to the tidy housewife appears to be something more uncleanly.

After the oats have been properly cleaned by sifting they are subjected to the operation of drying. This is accomplished in dry kilns, with special apparatus constructed for the purpose.

This operation requires some care to prevent the oats from burning.

As soon as sufficiently dry they are removed from the kiln while still very hot and stored in such a way as to have them retain their heat; after thus remaining three or four days and hardening they are ready for the shelling operation.

This shelling is accomplished by passing the oats through millstones of a special pattern.

The product that comes from the stones is groats, or the whole kernels, dust, seeds, etc., and these must be separated.

By means of a combination of sieve and fans the groats are separated from the other material, and are then ready for grinding. For extra quality meal the groats may be shelled and also passed through a brushing machine.

The grinding of them must not be long delayed, as a few weeks' exposure renders them unfit for milling.

In grinding the great the great aim is to avoid pulverization, and to have the granules cut square and of uniform size.

Oatmeal is generally denominated by the cut—as pin-head cut, rough cut, medium cut—though these terms have different meanings in different districts.

After the grinding the meal is passed through sieves, and the siftings graded according to size.

Imitation Gold.—One of the journals devoted to the jeweler's art says that, among the many metallic substances employed at present for producing metal closely resembling gold, one of the most perfect as well as admirable imitations is obtained by the following process. One hundred parts by weight are taken of pure copper, fourteen parts of tin or zinc, six of magnesia, fifty-six of sal-ammoniac, eighteen of quicklime, and nine of cream of tartar. The copper is melted, and to this are successively and gradually added the magnesia, sal-ammoniac, quicklime, and cream of tartar, each by itself, in the form of powder. The whole is stirred for half an hour, the zinc or tin being added in small pieces, and stirring is resumed and continued till the whole is melted, the crucible being then covered and the mixture kept in a molten condition for the period of thirty-five minutes. After this the dross is carefully and entirely removed, and the metal is poured into moulds. The substance thus produced has a fine grain, is malleable, and does not easily tarnish.

Built of Eggs.—A woman, the wife of an Essex agricultural laborer, invested a few shillings in the purchase of two or three good-laying fowls, the eggs of which birds she sold to the well-to-do people of the small town near which she lived.

This business turned out to be so profitable that she devoted her small savings to the extension of her poultry yard, and so rapidly did her custom grow that still further extension followed, and she was at length able to open an account at the local bank.

On every anniversary of her wedding-day this industrious woman carried the profits of the past year to the bank, and in the course of years her balance there grew so substantial that she was able to purchase a plot of ground, on which she built a house of considerable dimensions, fitted with a billiard room and other luxuries, which she forthwith christened "Egg Hall."

Bric-a-Brac.

Chinese Hermits.—There are hermits in China, it is said, who tear out their eyes, in order, they say, that by closing the two gates of love they may open the thousand gates of wisdom.

Single Life.—The Australian aborigine adopts a summary process when weary of single life. He looks about for a partner and, finding one to his liking, stalks her, and watching his opportunity stuns her with a sudden blow, and carries her off to her new home, where it is to be hoped, on her return to consciousness his after tenderness makes some atonement for his rough and ready way of wooing.

Plants.—The large majority of plants are scentless, and probably not one-tenth of the hundred thousand flowering plants known to botanists are odorous. Of the 50 known species of the mignonette family only the one so highly prized in our gardens is fragrant, and only about a dozen of the one hundred species of violets are scented. In many large genera the scentless varieties are as one hundred to one.

Talismans.—Among the numerous talismans which the Shah of Persia carries with him on his travels is a circle of amber which fell from heaven in Mahomet's time and renders the wearer invulnerable, a casket of gold which makes him invisible at will, and a star which is potent to make conspirators instantly confess their crimes. But that talisman of good health and morals, the bath tub, the Shah does not carry about. In place thereof he has vials of Araby odors with which he perfumes his royal person.

Magic Mirrors.—The magic mirrors, which have been a good deal discussed of late, are all of metal. M. Laurent has succeeded in making them of glass, which is sufficiently elastic for the purpose. At first he used pressed glass, polishing the surface opposite to the projections; then he tried the thin glass of commerce, engraving a hollow design. The two methods may be combined. When at rest the mirror is plane, and gives good images. By a blowing or sucking action the characteristic features are brought out. Both sides of the mirror are silvered.

The Silk Spider.—The silk spider of Madagascar spins threads of a golden color, and strong enough, according to Maindron, to hang a cork helmet by. The female spider may attain a length of 15 cm., while the male does not exceed 3 cm. A single female individual, at the breeding season, gave M. Camboue, a French missionary, some 8000 m. of a fine silken thread during a period of about 27 days. The thread was examined with a view to creating a new industry. Small textures woven of these threads are actually used by the natives for fastening flowers on sunshades and for other purposes.

The Oldest.—The oldest Christian fan in existence dates, it is claimed, from the sixth century, having belonged to Queen Theodelinda, the princess who possessed a nail of the holy cross, which afterward was set in the iron crown of Lombardy. The fan is preserved in the castle of Monza, near Milan, and shown to the tourist as a relic. It is a folded fan, made in two leaves, which shut on each other by means of a spring. It is gilded and ornamented with pearls and rubies, and bears traces of a Latin prayer. The handle is of solid gold, inlaid with gems. The young girls of Milan go to Monza on a certain day in the year simply to touch this magical fan, as it is supposed to bring about a speedy and happy marriage.

In Trades.—A most amusing list could be formed of the odd names given to some articles in various trades. Appended are a few in use by hardware men:—A "curate" is a small auxiliary poker with a steel point, intended for use, in contradistinction to the elaborate fire brasses, which are only kept for show; it is a standing joke that this article takes its name from the fact that it does the principal part of the work. A "footman" is an ornamental weight used for the purpose of keeping a door open, whilst a "porter" is a spring for keeping it shut. A "waiter" is a small tray. An innocent-looking arrangement of tin is the "demon" insect trap, and a machine used for grinding different substances is known by the forcible a propos title of the "devil" disintegrator.

Fans.—There are many curious uses for fans in Japan. The umpire at wrestling and fencing matches uses a heavy one, shaped like a huge butterfly, the handle being the body, and rendered imposing by heavy cords of silk. The various motions of the fan constitute a language which the wrestlers fully understand and appreciate. Formerly in the time of war the Japanese commander used a large fan having a frame of iron covered with thick paper. In case of a charge it could be shut, and a blow from its iron bones was no light affair. One notable variety of fan is made of waterproof paper, which can be dipped in water, and creates great coolness by evaporation, without wetting the clothes. The flat fan, made of rough paper, is often used as a grain winnow, to blow the charcoal fires and as a dustpan.

THROUGH NIGHT TO LIGHT.

BY SHIRLEY WYNNE.

The moon is rising, from dark mists that lie
Heavy along the sea, to purer sky,
Dim, red, baptized with fire, and sore beset
By strangling clouds and murky vapors—yet
She keeps her upward path, and now doth soar
Into serenest heights. Oh, never more
The mists of earth can touch her! It is given
To her, white-robed and crowned, to reign in heaven!

From dreary clouds of pain and death which lie
So dark on earth, between us and the sky,
Wherein the shrinking soul is sore beset
By doubts, and fears, and throes of anguish yet
She shall ascend, and on freed pinions soar
To cloudless heights serene. Oh, never more
The pangs of death can touch her! It is given
To her, white-robed and crowned, to reign in heaven!

IN PERIL'S MIDST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PENKIVEL," "OLIVE VARCOE," "BY CROOKED PATHS," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVII—(CONTINUED.)

SHE stopped, but neither moved nor spoke.

"It is Lady Florence; here and alone?" he said with surprise, as if he had not been watching her for the last ten minutes.

"When did you come?" she asked coldly.

"This moment," he said. "I lost my train unfortunately, or I should have been in time for the ceremony."

She started, and her lips opened as if she were about to tell him that there had been no wedding, but she checked herself.

"It was a great disappointment to me, as you may imagine; so old and dear a friend as Vane is, and, may I add, as Lady Florence Tempest is also?" She stood silent, watching his sallow, inscrutable face flecked by the shadow of the leafless branches thrown by the blood-red sun. "But, though I am too late for the ceremony, I am rejoiced that I am not too late to offer my sincere, my most earnest wishes for your united happiness. And I do so! I do so!"

"Thank you," she said coldly. She still shrank from telling him that the marriage had not taken place. Why should she? No, she would let him go and discover the fact in the village. How was it he had not already discovered it? "You drove from the station?" she said in a dull voice.

"No," he said. "I came down as far as the last junction, and walked from there; the train did not stop here."

She drew a slight breath of relief.

"Will you go into the house?" she said.

"Thank you," he said suavely. "Vane is there, I suppose?" "Why was she wandering about the grounds alone?" he asked himself.

She inclined her head.

"Then I think I will not," he said. "As a matter of fact I came to see you, Lady Florence."

She made a scornful gesture with her hand.

"You have come for—your money?" she said.

His face paled, but the smile did not leave it.

"Well—no, I can afford to wait; I can trust you, Lady Florence, as the tradespeople say. No, I came to answer a question you put me—with your eyes, if not in so many words—some months ago—the night we made our little bargain, if you remember. You asked me why I was so anxious that you should marry Vane Tempest. I have come to tell you."

He drew a little nearer and leant against the trunk of a tree, his arms folded, his head bent, his eyes fixed on her face.

"Lady Florence——" She looked back towards the house. "I will not keep you more than a moment or two, but perhaps after that moment or two you will be willing enough to remain; but let that pass for the present. Lady Florence, do you remember refusing to take your handkerchief from my hand? You remember—in my studio—when I was painting the portrait which will make such a stir, for several reasons, when it is exhibited in the Academy this year."

She looked at him, with as much surprise as her already absorbed senses were capable of.

"Well?" she said coldly, haughtily.

"Ah! yes I see you do," he went on blandly. "Why should you not refuse? I was only an artist, a workman just a degree or two higher than the man who painted your father's, the earl's, house-front. I ought not to have touched your dainty handkerchief with my common plebeian fingers, but have summoned your maid."

Lady Florence glanced up the avenue with a kind of impatience. His manner, one of suppressed excitement, was as curious as his words, and yet she felt little interest. She thought he had come to get his money, to endeavor, perhaps, to increase the sum she had promised him.

"You thought nothing of it, the incident was too trivial a one to be remembered, and yet, Lady Florence, upon the pivot of that very trivial incident—that unconsidered insult—turned your future happiness. It was the moment of your life."

She looked at him with a dull, cold stare.

"I do not understand; I have no wish to understand."

"Pardon me, but you will understand presently. Lady Florence, that day you little guessed that the quiet, respectful artist who so meekly dropped your delicately-scented handkerchief upon the table was possessed by an almost irresistible desire to wind it round your throat, and stifle the proud, contemptuous voice for ever."

She did not start or make the slightest sign of fear, but her gaze fixed itself upon his face more directly and intently. He smiled slightly, as if he were looking back upon that afternoon, as if he were still writhing under her patrician insolence.

"One thing only kept me from obeying that murderous impulse, which, like love, they say comes at least once in every man's life. Lady Florence, I hated you at that moment; but keen, fierce as my hatred was, I loved you still more keenly, more fiercely."

She did start now slightly, but only very slightly, and her eyes wavered in their intense regard for an instant, then she looked at him fixedly, watchfully.

"You loved me?" she said in a low voice, without a trace of emotion in it.

He inclined his head, his face a little paler—if that were possible—his lips trembling slightly.

"Yes, I dared to love you. I, the struggling artist, the man of the people, the man from the ranks—one of the lower orders, I think you call us—had dared to love Lady Florence Heathcote, the daughter of an earl, the proud, immovable beauty who probably had the sons of dukes for her suitors. And why not? Do you think that because I was born in the gutter that heaven withheld a heart from me—a heart to love? He had given me the artist's passion for beauty; the artist's eye to detect it; the artist's soul with which to worship it! And you were—you are—so beautiful, you see!"

She dropped her lids for a moment; then raised them with cold, impassive hauteur.

"Have you nearly finished?" she asked slowly, with languid insolence. "I am tired of standing; I fear I must return to the house."

There was a rustic seat near; he motioned to it with sardonic courtesy.

"I am afraid I must detain you a few moments longer. Will you not be seated?"

With a slight shrug of her shoulders she sank on to the bench.

"I loved you, I think, the first moment I saw you. Your beauty, your pride—that hauteur which is insolence carried to sublimity—took my soul captive; they fascinated me. I said, 'Here, if you had but wealth and rank, is one who, linked with you, would help you to rise to heights beyond most men's ambition!' And that was all. You were as the stars above me. I could only love you in secret, with as little hope of winning you—bah!—with as little thought of telling you of my love as—as the house-painter who last year painted your father's house-front. Then came the episode of the handkerchief; it was the spark to the fuse. It set my soul on fire, and from that fire sprang, full-grown, the desire to secure you, the determination to win you—by fair means, if possible, by foul means if they should be necessary. You little dreamed, Lady Florence, as you reclined with proud, contemptuous ease, that the brain of the man—the mere artist—was plotting, planning your subjugation. One scheme after another presented itself to me, to be rejected. Then, in a flash I saw my way; the beginning of the thread which I should spin into a net with which I should ensnare you. You remember Vane Tempest's portrait? Your emotion when I threatened to destory it gave me the idea. It was through your love for him that I must reach you. That afternoon I laid my plans. You shall judge for yourself whether they are successful or not.'

She glanced at his sallow face, now slightly flushed, and then looked down.

"You are fond of melodrama, Mr. Tyers," she said, as quietly as before, "but I scarcely see how you are going to secure the temporary triumph which every villain on the stage is permitted to gain. You forget——"

"That you are safe, that you have attained the desire of your life—that you are married to Vane Tempest—the man you have loved for so long, and for so long hopelessly."

She looked at him with calm hauteur, and did not contradict him—did not exclaim, as most women would have done, "I am not married; the wedding is postponed." She felt that it was war between them, a war of wits, and she kept her counsel and waited.

"You wonder why I, loving you as I did—and do—should help on your marriage—and I don't think, Lady Florence, you will ever know how much I have helped it on! You will say, 'When you married me to Vane Tempest you lost me for ever.' But you will see that I have not done so, if you will favor me with a few moments longer."

He paused, and passed his handkerchief across his lips.

"Lady Florence, if you had known, if I had told you that I loved you, I do not think you would have married me, would you?"

She lifted her face with a smile of such scorn on it that it struck him like a blow.

He inclined his head.

"Quite so. You would have smiled exactly as you smile now. I knew that, and so I waited until you were married to dear Vane, and in my power."

"In your power?" She put the words with calm, cold mockery.

"Even so," he said, quite as calmly. "What!"—he laughed with fine derision—"did you think that night you signed my little paper that I was only desirous of making a paltry sum of money out of you? Oh, surely you, who are so intelligent, so keen-witted, cannot have so mis-read, under-estimated me! No, no! It was not the money I wanted, as you will see!" He paused. "But, there! Why should I explain my modus operandi—my little scheme to you? It will only offend you; while heaven knows I desire no triumph over you, save that which my love for you shall win! Florence——" She shrank slightly at the direct use of her Christian name, but recovered her impassive self-possession instantly. "Florence, I love you with all my heart and soul; I love you with a passion of which Vane, poor fellow, is incapable. If you will trust yourself to me, I will pledge my soul upon your happiness; if you will fly with me, and leave your future in my hands——"

She rose with a cruel smile which grew into a laugh.

"Will you not come up to the house and let my husband and the others share in the amusement your really clever performance affords me, Mr. Tyers," she said.

He bit his lips—she saw the thin streak of blood follow the snap of the white teeth—and nodded. "Good! You refuse, spurn me," he said, his eyes fixed on hers. "You will force me to use my power?"

"I refuse to listen to this ranting absurdity any longer, Mr. Tyers," she said. "For the sake of my husband's old, and alas! mistaken friendship for, and belief in you, I will conceal this madness of yours from him; and that is a greater concession than you deserve. Now, please, we will go up to the house—or if you would rather not——"

"Pardon me," he said with a smile. "I will go with you. I wish to hand this little paper to Vane."

She started slightly.

"To—to Vane?" she said.

"Yes," he smiled and twisted his moustache, "it will interest him; but I venture to think that it will not interest him one half so much as my account of the way in which it got into my possession. But, there, he will not need telling. Even Vane, poor simple Vane, will understand that you would not have given me a thousand pounds, and signed the undertaking with the name you would bear as his wife, unless it was as hush-money."

"Hush-money?" she echoed in a low voice.

He raised his brows as if surprised that she should not understand.

"Why, certainly. Hush-money paid to one lover to buy his silence, and to bribe him into permitting you to marry another."

She understood. Her face went whiter than before, and she stood with distended eyes, glaring at him, her writhing lips trying to form a smile.

"It—it is ridiculous!" she said. "He—he would not believe——"

Senley Tyers shrugged his shoulders

"Pardon me, he could not help but believe; there is the evidence!" He tapped the paper with his long forefinger. "He knows that you and I have been together a great deal; he will remember that you have passed hours in my studio; he will recall the night—and I shall help him to recall it—the night at your house when you signed the paper. I will prove it up to the hilt. And if he did not believe it, the world will. Here in my pocket-book I have a prettily written account of the whole business. It will be in the hands of the editors of the Society papers to-morrow unless"—he paused—"unless you will accept my love and leave England with me."

She put her hand to her lips as if bewildered, overwhelmed by the completeness of his plot for her subjugation; and he saw the terror, dread which possessed her, and drank it in as a man dying of thirst drinks the water which alone can give him life.

"Now you see why I have waited until you were Vane's wife," he said slowly, deliberately. "If I had—well, yes, threatened you with this yesterday, it would not have been too late to set me at defiance. There would have been a scandal, yes, but a very poor and colorless one compared with that which awaits you if now, being married, Vane casts you off. And believe me—but, indeed you know as well, better than I—that cast you off he will!"

There was a pause. He stood watching her, as mentally she struggled in the meshes of the net he had so skilfully woven round her. Then he bent down and whispered—

"But why do you hesitate, Florence? How can you, who are pride itself personified, so cling to a man who married you for rank and wealth alone, whose heart, whose love are given wholly and entirely to another woman?"

He expected to see her start; but though she winced he saw that he had told her no news.

"You know that?" he said, watching her intently.

She breathed hard.

"You—you are not so astute as one would think, Mr. Tyers," she said painfully. "That last argument of yours has lost your case. I defy you and whoever she may be!" She looked at him with scornful defiance. "Go to him and do your worst."

He caught her arm and bent forward so that his face was close to hers.

"Florence!" he said thickly, "don't—don't for your own sake defy me!—don't force me to play my last card!"

She wrested her arm from his grasp, and drew herself to her full height.

"You dare—dare to touch me!" she panted, with scorn and loathing in her voice, her blazing eyes. "You—you madman! Go!" She raised her hand and pointed down the avenue. "I give you five minutes to escape!—yes, escape! In five minutes I will send my grooms to whip you off the place!"

He gnawed at his lips, his eyes fixed on her.

"You will send your grooms——" He laughed. "Ah, well, you cannot say I did not try and spare you! Florence——" He drew near her again and bent his head and whispered—"Florence, your marriage with Vane Tempest is a sham! He is married already! You are not his wife!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

"MARRIED already!" Lady Florence repeated the words mechanically as if she failed to grasp their meaning. Then, when the significance of Senley Tyers' assertion bore down upon her, she uttered a faint cry, and pressed her hand to her heart.

He laughed as he saw the effect he had created, and the laugh stung her into self-possession again.

"You are a cowardly liar, Mr. Tyers" she said contemptuously. "I should have deemed you too clever, too cunning to attempt to delude me with such an improbable story."

She half turned to leave him as she spoke, but he made no movement to arrest her, and probably because he did not, she paused and looked over her shoulder at him.

"What induced you to venture on so absurd a falsehood?" she said, with cold contempt.

He laughed again, his eyes fixed on her with sinister intensity.

"I quite expected you to take it in this way," he said coolly. "I did not want to tell you, but you forced my hand. Candidly, Florence——"

"Be good enough to remember, Mr. Tyers, that I am only addressed by my Christian name alone by my friends and—equals," she put in.

He smiled.

"Pardon me! You are 'Florence' in my thoughts, and when are you not in my thoughts? Well, 'Lady' Florence, as you desire it. I say I expected you to take my news like this. Candidly, I should have preferred to retain it until a later moment; but it is out now, and you know that it is true."

"It is false, it is a clumsy lie," he said; but he detected the slight falter in her scornful voice.

"You do me an injustice," he said. "You insult my intelligence, believe me. I may be the villain, the scoundrel you no doubt deem me; but I am not a fool—not fool enough to attempt to palm off upon one so cute as Lady Florence Heathcote—forgive me, in courtesy I suppose I must say Lady Florence Tempest."

An evil sneer curved her lip at the studied insult, and, though she was not yet married to Vane, it stung her.

"Coward!" she breathed between her teeth.

"No; neither fool nor coward," he said calmly. "Try me! There is nothing I would not do to win you! I have proved it! You do not believe that he is married, and that you have been deceived? Good! I offer you—it is your due—irrefutable proofs."

She panted, her eyes fixed on his as watchfully as his on hers. It was like a duel between two expert swordsmen, each dreading the other's skill, and each expecting a foul lunge from his opponent."

"Proofs!" her lips formed the word.

He inclined his head, took a cigarette from his case, and with a murmured "Permit me!" lit it, and smoked with exaggerated serenity.

"Yes, I am not so foolish as to make such a statement without good evidence to prove it."

She smiled scornfully.

"Oh, I know the whole proceeding!" she said. "You will produce a forged marriage certificate."

"Oh, no, no! You wrong me! That would, indeed, be clumsy," he said, almost sweetly. "I will do better than that, Lady Florence. I will take you to the lady who has the honor of being Vane Tempest's wife!"

"Vane Tempest's wife!" The words seemed to ring in her ears and confuse her.

"Yes," he said calmly, with an insolence beyond all description, "Vane Tempest's wife. You are, if anything, his mistress!"

She put up her hand to her heart, and a faint cry escaped her lips.

He sprang to her side.

"Florence, Florence, why do you force me into torturing you? Don't you know—can't you guess that it is still great torture for me? I love you. I love you, and yet you compel me to wound you! Why will you not yield—why will you not acknowledge that I am not only your lover, but your master?"

He caught her arm. She was too stunned by the violence of his passionate appeal to throw off his hand.

"Florence," he went on, "give in now! Believe me, oh, believe me; you cannot resist me. Sooner or later you must throw down your arms and own yourself vanquished. I have surrounded you in a net from which you cannot escape. Month by month I have spun it round you; there is no weak place in it—none! Vane Tempest, the man you think is your husband, was married before this morning; his wife is living. He loves her—loves her, not you! Do you think that you can keep him by your side long? That this farce of a marriage can be played for more than a few days—weeks? Why, you know that if you refuse to give yourself to me, I shall make the first marriage known.

"I cannot believe it!" she breathed. The major part of his passionate appeal had gone by her unheeded. "You—you say that you will take me to her?"

The desire to see this woman, if she existed, to put the doubt which tortured her to the test, had got full possession of her.

"I will take you to her," he said. "Listen! Be calm, summon all your strength of mind and soul. You have been deceived, Florence, and by the man who pretended to love you. Obey me, and I will show you the way to punish him, to avenge yourself. This woman—Vane Tempest's wife—is living not far from here. Come with me, and I will take you to her—you are not afraid?"

"Afraid!" she turned upon him with unspeakable scorn. "Afraid of you! No!"

"Good! I want your love, not your fear. Listen!" He whispered in her ear, slowly, carefully. "I have a carriage waiting in the lane outside the gate."

She started.

He smiled.

"Yes, I knew you would come. I have everything prepared. Even our berths in the P. and O. are booked." She shuddered. "I knew that you could not withstand me. Come with me now."

She seemed to consider for a moment; then with averted face, she said, almost inaudibly—

"Yes, I will come. Swear to me——"

She paused in a kind of despair.

"You are right not to ask me," he said. "You know that I should hold no oath sacred where you were concerned. But though it is useless to swear, I give you my simple word that I will still hold myself as your slave. You yourself, of your own free will, shall turn to me, and freely grant me the right to protect you, to make you my wife. Yes, Florence, my wife! That shall be our compact. I will prove your marriage with Vane void and of no effect, and you yourself shall reward me! Come!"

She drew her arm away.

"I will go," she said, her face white and strained. "I will see this woman, I must, but I must go to the house first."

He looked into her eyes.

"To bring Vane? Be warned! I am prepared for that." He touched his breast. "I am armed, Florence, and I swear, and my oath will hold good in this case, that if you bring him with you, I will shoot him like a dog!"

"No," she said calmly, "I will not bring him, I promise! I exact a promise from you: You will remain here, you will not move until I return, will speak to no one, answer no questions, be absolutely silent?"

"I promise!" he said. "Go now, and be quick, every moment is precious. If Vane should see you enter the house, stop you, prevent you rejoining me, he is a lost man. Remember, one word to him, and he is ruined!"

"I shall not see him," she said steadily, and she passed swiftly along the side path under the trees.

Senley Tyers dropped on to the seat and wiped the sweat from his face. It had been a terrible struggle, but he knew that he had won; he knew that her desire to see her rival face to face would bring Lady Florence back to him at any cost, in spite of any obstacles.

It had been a terrible struggle, and notwithstanding his assumption of coolness and sang froid, it had tried him. He took a small phial from his pocket and drank a few drops; then he drew out a revolver and examined it. His threat had not been an empty one; if Vane should accompany Florence, he—Senley Tyers—would shoot him.

Presently he heard footsteps, the steps of two persons! She had deceived him! Vane was coming! He sprang behind a tree and levelled the revolver; then, as two female figures came into the light, he lowered the weapon with a murmur of annoyance and impatience.

"I am a fool," he muttered. "Of course she would bring her maid."

He came from behind the tree to meet them, Lady Florence was thickly veiled. She made a gesture with her hand to signify that she was ready to proceed, and with an answering nod he led the way down the avenue. The gates had been left open for the wedding carriages, and the three figures passed out unseen.

Senley Tyers led them to the narrow lane and at the sound of his footsteps a carriage and a pair drove up sharply to meet him. He opened the door; Lady Florence entered, and as she did so caught the arm of her maid.

"You prefer to ride outside you say?" she said, looking him full in the eyes.

He bit his lip, but inclined his head assentingly.

"Yes, it is a lovely night and I can smoke."

Then as he leapt to the box, he said to the coachman—

"Drive on, and fast; and don't stop for anything or anyone!"

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NORA remained for some time on the beach after Vane had left her, and no sooner had he gone than, womanlike, she began to make excuses for him. Was it any wonder that she, Nora, had fled from him rather than marry him, he should fall a victim to the beauty and charm of such a woman as Lady Florence Heathcote? And he was to be married to Lady Florence to-morrow! A wave of bitterness passed over her soul at the thought, and yet she knew that she had done rightly in bidding him sacrifice everything to his honor. But the misery of it! To have learnt that he really loved her, to have rested in his arms, and deemed her happiness—and his—secure, but to find that, after all, he belonged to another woman, and that he was indeed lost to her for ever! For she knew Lady Florence well enough to feel sure the she would not surrender Vane, the man she had loved so passionately and for so long.

Nora rode home slowly, revolving it all in her mind, recalling Vane's words, his looks, his joy and despair, and asking herself whether in all the world there existed anyone so miserable, so unhappy as the heiress of Vale Hall.

She went straight to he room and began to take off her habit, and while she was doing so, there was a knock at the door and Milly's voice demanding admittance.

Nora opened the door, and Milly took her arm from the maid's and transferred it to Nora's.

"Where have you been all day, dear?" she inquired." Riding! Why you must be tired, Amazon as you are! You look tired! Come and sit by the fire. I've told them to bring some tea—you've had your lunch?'

Nora sat down and stared at the flames wearily, and shook her head.

"No lunch! Oh, Nora! Why——" she stopped and peered up at Nora's face intently with her lovingly sharp eyes. 'Something has happened. Oh, it's no use shaking your head. I know there has. But I don't want you to tell me——"

Nora smiled and sighed.

"It is of very little use telling anyone, Milly," she said in that tone of resignation which all of us adopt when the game is played out and the stakes lost. "But," she added after a pause, "I don't know why I shouldn't tell you. I have had a strange meeting this morning, Milly."

"Wait!" whispered Milly as the maid came in with her tea. "Now!" she said after she had poured out a cup and placed it in Nora's hand. "Now you shall tell me. You have met—oh, Nora, you have not met him?"

Nora smiled again.

"Yes," she said, "I have met the inevitable 'him' who makes or mars every woman's life, Milly. They seem to be able to get on without a 'she' in their life's story, but we women can never manage to run our short span without the 'he.' And now, Milly dear, I'm afraid I can't tell you all." Not even to Milly could she confess the "Ernest Mortimer" business. "But I think you have guessed that the great sorrow of my life, that which has robbed me of the capacity of enjoying all the good things which have fallen to me, was caused by love."

Milly pressed her face against Nora's knee.

"I knew that there must be something of the kind from the few words you have said from time to time. Was—was he a bad man, Nora?" she whispered in awed accents.

Nora shook her head.

"No, dear; not bad at all. To me he is better than a very good man. Do you understand what I mean?"

"I—I think I do."

"He is as brave as a lion, as honorable as a Don Quixote, without fear and without reproach; a man a woman—even a woman"—with a touch of bitterness—"could trust to the hilt. Not very clever or very wise, but, oh, Milly dear, the one man in the world for poor me, and——" She stopped.

"And—and—oh, Nora, I am sorry! What can I say to comfort you? You have lost him?'

"Yes, I have lost him," assented Nora. "That sums it up, Milly."

"How? I mean why? Didn't he—oh, but he must have loved you, Nora; he couldn't have helped it!"

"Yes, dear, I think—oh, how mean of me to say I think!—I know he loved me! But a really bad man, as vile a creature as ever drew breath, came between us; plotted to separate us to serve his own ends, and——" She stopped.

Milly thought a moment.

"And you have discovered that now, that this man schemed to divide you?"

"Yes."

"Then—forgive me, Nora, dear: but if that is so, why has it not all come right? Why, now the villain is unmasked, do not you call the true man to your side?"

"Because," said Nora with a sigh, "it is too late!"

"Too late? Do—do you mean—oh, you can't mean that he has ceased to care for you; that he has forgotten you!"

An exquisite blush slowly covered Nora's face; she could feel Vane's kisses on her lips, her cheek, her hair.

"N-o," she faltered. "He loves me still."

Milly clasped her hands, and her eyes shone with excitement.

"Then, how can it be too late? It could not be too late unless—unless he was dead; and you say—at least, you didn't say, but I guessed you met him to-day."

"No, he is not dead; and I did meet him. I—I have only just left him. "Oh, no; it must be hours since. But—oh, Milly, Milly!"—her voice broke, and her head dropped, as she continued in a whisper, "he is going to be married to-morrow!"

Milly gave a little start.

"Going to be married to morrow! To some other woman, and not to you whom he loves and who love him! Why, Nora, he must be mad!"

Nora shook her head.

"No, dear. This other woman, as you call her, is a rich and titled lady. One of the most beautiful women in the world. He has known her for a very long time, and—and——"

"She loves him?" put in Milly shrewdly.

Nora bent her head.

"Yes. For some reason, with some object I do not know or guess, the man who plotted to separate me and Vane wished him to marry Lady Florence. I have told you the names now, dear. He is Vane Tempest, my cousin, and she is Lady Florence Heathcote."

Milly uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Oh, Nora, it is like a play! But go on. This villain wished him to marry this beautiful Lady Florence, and he was going to do so to morrow. But"—she dwelt on the word dramatically—"that was before he met you to-day, and discovered that you and he had been deceived. Why should he marry her now? Why on the earth should he? You say he is soul of honor. Why, Nora, it isn't honorable to marry a woman while you are in love with another!"

Nora hung her head.

"That is what he said," she murmured.

"Of course! You said he wasn't wise; but no man would be such an idiot as to suppose that would be doing anything honorable in—in—— Nora, why is he going to marry her? Doesn't he want to marry you?"

"Very badly."

"And you—you are in love with him still? You want to marry him?"

"Still more badly," whispered Nora, hot with shame.

Milly uttered an exclamation of impatience and indignation.

"I—I sent him to her. She was to decide what he should do."

"Nora, I don't know anything of the world, I am only a miserably ignorant little cripple, but even I can see that you have been, as papa would say, 'worse than wicked—foolish!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DO THEY WEAR THEM? "Of course, as on all other subjects, a lot of nonsense has been written in the papers about men who wear stays," said a fashionable tailor to the writer recently, "but, nevertheless, the thing is a fact, and there are many leaders of fashion at the present day who are indebted for the wonderful fit of their clothes to this much-abused feminine appliance.

"Years ago, when tight-fitting coats were 'the thing,' the practice was much more generally resorted to than now, when coats are cut loose with little or no waist to them.

"The best customers of the manufacturers of men's corsets are the officers of the Continental armies, with whom the corset is much in vogue, and which, though discarded for field-work, is regularly donned when social events call for the display of the utmost smartness and effect.

"High prices, too, are often paid, the purchase money being understood to buy the vendor's silence concerning the transaction, as, although the practice is a common one, the use of the article is seldom or never admitted."

TO PLEASE BABY.—One summer day two ladies, one of whom carried a baby, entered a well-known furnisher's shop, and signified their desire to look at some carpets.

It was very warm, but the salesman cheerfully showed roll after roll, until the perspiration litterally streamed from his every pore.

Finally, one of the ladies asked the other if she did not think it was time to go.

"Not quite," was the answer of her companion; and then in an under-tone she added: "Baby likes to see him roll them out, and we've plenty of time to catch the train."

LOVE AND SORROW.

BY A. C. S.

Love and sorrow met in May,
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,
And sorrow smiled.
Scarce a bird of all the Spring
Durst between them pass and sing,
And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,
Her crown of rue.
Sorrow cast before her down
Even for love's sake love's own crown,
Crowned with dew.

Winter breathed again, and Spring
Cowered and shrank with wounded wing
Down out of sight.
May, with all her loves laid low,
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow
That mocked her flight.

Love rose up, with crownless head
Smiling down on Springtime dead,
On wintry May.
Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,
Like a cloud in clearing skies,
Passed away.

My Grandfather's Chair

BY H. L. H.

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

"WHO are you?" Squire Everest asked gruffly of Florence. "Where is Mrs. Benson?"

"Mrs. Benson is almost worn out," I answered, "and she is resting a little. I am going to nurse in her place, for a little while. Will you drink this? It will do you good."

He stared at me again, but made no answer; and presently, after swallowing the beef tea, he lay down again, and I could soon tell by his regular breathing that he was asleep.

The day passed quietly. Mrs. Benson relieved me later, and I was able to go to take charge of Harold and to join Jack in the garden for a little while.

As she told me afterwards, she found no difficulty in parrying the squire's questions with respect to the young nurse; I suppose even he recognized the necessity of having an occasional substitute for his faithful old attendant, and he seemed by degrees to become reconciled to my presence, and to accept my ministrations as a matter of course.

But one evening, about four days after our arrival, while I was standing by the bedside while he drank his beef tea, he suddenly turned towards me, and taking hold of my arm, though not ungently, held me so that the light should fall full on my face.

"Who are you?" he asked sternly. "Tell me at once; I will know."

My heart stood still for a moment. Who could tell what crisis this might be?"

"Your nurse," I answered confusedly. "I have come to relieve Mrs. Benson."

"Something more than that," he answered, still searching my face with his eyes. "You are no ordinary nurse. You are a lady; your manner and speech tell me so."

"Many ladies go out nursing now," I said trembling.

"But not when they are married," he retorted significantly, glancing at my wedding ring.

Then I told him simply, "I am Jack's wife."

For one moment I verily believed he would have dashed the cup he was holding at me, so intense was the look of concentrated hatred on his face. But Squire Everest, before everything, was a gentleman, and I was a woman after all.

"So, madam," he said scornfully, "this is your game, is it? To wait until the old man is laid by, dying, they say, and then to steal into the house to look after his money. So the eagles have begun to gather round the carcase already, have they? But I shall do him yet, and send him away like a whipped cur, with his tail between his legs. Whose plan was it, eh, yours or his?"

My blood seemed to boil at the implied insult offered to Jack.

"You are wrong," I told the squire. "Your son has come to you now to tend you, and to—to ask your forgiveness, if there is anything to forgive. Your money is nothing to him; since our marriage he has never alluded to it, or spoken of you except in terms of love and respect."

"A likely story," he muttered sarcastically, and for a minute I stood in uncertainty not knowing what to say, and wondering if I had been injudicious in revealing myself too soon. Presently he looked up at me again. "He has a son," he said abruptly. "What is his name?" Then I knew that, although Jack's letters had been returned, they must at least have been read; for he had written to his father shortly after Harold had been born, acquainting him with the birth of his grandson.

I told him, and I fancied that his face seemed to soften a little, but he made no comment.

"Will you not see your son?" I pleaded. "He is so anxious—oh, you cannot know how anxious to be reconciled to you."

"No," was the stern forbidding answer; and, feeling that I could do no more, I sat down again to think and pray. It was late; and Jack had gone down to the village for the night, and would not be up until morning, and I had no one to whom to take my trouble, except Mrs. Benson. Had I failed completely, acted too impulsively? I could not tell, only time would show.

I fully expected to be summarily dismissed from the sick room next morning; but to my surprise, the patient seemed neither to take much notice of me nor to object to my presence. A feeling of uneasiness stole over me as I saw how much he seemed to have failed, even since yesterday; in alarm I summoned Mrs Benson, and together we waited in anxiety the arrival of the doctor, who always made Teddington Manor his first call. He came at last; but his daily examination was shorter than usual, and suddenly, his face wearing an exceedingly grave expression, he glanced up at me.

"My dear," he said in a low voice, "where is your husband? He should be here."

I clasped my hands in terror, knowing what he meant, and whispered in answer.

"He is sinking fast," went on the doctor, stepping towards the window with me, "it is no question of days, or of hours, but minutes. Everything that has yet to be done must be done now. No, do not leave him; I will send for his son."

He found Mrs. Benson in the ante-room, gave her a hasty message, and two minutes later I heard a mounted groom start at a gallop for the village.

Slowly the minutes passed away, as we two women sat waiting, waiting, watching that motionless figure, which already bore so much the semblance of death. Presently there was a faint movement, a deep breath, and then came a few murmured words:

"Jack," said the dying man feebly, "Jack, my son—is he not here?"

"He is coming—we have sent for him," I whispered through my fast-falling tears, kneeling down by the bedside, and clasping his hand between my own, "he will not be long; but oh! for Heaven's sake, be calm and wait just a little while."

The touch of my hand seemed to soothe him, and he lay still for a minute, his fingers straying over my hair. With straining ears I listened for the horse's feet on the drive, but all was silence there.

"Jack, Jack," murmured the old man once more; "I'm dying, my boy, will you not come? Ah," with a long-drawn breath, "I would not see you once, and now—you will not come to me."

"I could not speak; I could only press my lips to his hand in silence, vainly trying to restrain my sobs. The old housekeeper, crying bitterly, strained her eyes to gaze through her tears down the avenue. Suddenly the dying man raised himself a little, a bright light shone in his eyes, and he clasped my hand with unconscious pressure.

"Florence," he said clearly, addressing me by name for the first and only time, "tell Jack — forgive—forgive — the will—my grandfather's chair——"

That was all; he released my hand and fell back on the pillow; and Mrs. Benson, her eyes blinded with tears, came to my side, and putting her arms round me, drew me from the bed.

"Come away, my dear, come away," she sobbed, "it is all over, and Mr. Jack has not seen his father."

CHAPTER IV.

JACK was almost heart-broken when he arrived a few minutes later and knew all. Unable to rest indoors, he had been out when the message reached the "King's Arms;" and although, after a search, the groom had found him, and he had ridden back at desperate speed, he had come too late.

I did see him but I heard him come up the stairs and knew that he went straight to his father's room, to look himself there, alone. When he came out I was waiting for him in the ante-room; and he took me in his arms and kissed me, but said never a word. I could not speak to him yet, not even to give him his father's last message; and he went out again immediately afterwards.

But I wished that I done so, although, after all, it could have made but little difference, when I knew that he had walked over to the nearest town that afternoon, and called upon his father's lawyer, Mr. Goldock. At first the latter did not recognize his visitor, and J ck had some trouble in convincing him that the tall young fellow before him was actually the bright-faced boy whom he used to know.

"I am already acquainted with the terms of my father's will," the late squire's son said after a few minutes' conversation, "and so am well aware that it has been made in favor of my cousin. After the funeral, I have no wishes to interfere or intrude; but until then, I claim my right as a son to remain to see last of my father."

"Certainly, certainly, my dear sir," interposed Mr. Goldock hastily. "I feel sure that it is only what my clien—ahem—your cousin, I mean, would wish. I wish myself with all my heart," he added regretfully, "that I could tell you that your father had relented in any way towards you, but I fear he remained implacable to the least."

Jack thanked him and left the office, the lawyer watching him from the window.

"A fine, well set up young fellow," he muttered, "looks the squire every inch of him, and has a son of his own, too, I hear. A thousand pities the estate is not entailed and that it should go out of the family. Not only the Manor too, but Medlicott Hall. Well, well."

* * * * * *

"And did he say nothing, give no sign of having relented towards his son? I cannot believe that, after expressing so earnest a desire to see him, he would have let the last opportunity to set things straight go by."

It was next day, and the doctor, who had called to offer his condolences, was questioning me thus.

"He did say something," I faltered, "but—but I cannot tell what he meant." And I repeated the old squire's last words.

The doctor listened eagerly, but Jack seemed scarcely to hear what we were saying. It was almost as if he could not be induced to take an interest in anything, or to force his thoughts from the one painful subject on which was ceaselessly brooding—that his father, before he died, had wished to see him, and he, "thanks," as he said bitterly, "to his own cursed pride," had not been.

"He must be roused," Dr. Compton whispered to me. "There is something in this, undoubtedly. My dear boy," he went on, laying his hand on my husband's shoulder—he had known Jack all his life and was old enough to be his father—"you will forgive me for saying that you are allowing your sorrow for the dead to make you forget your duty to the living. In my opinion, there is not the slightest doubt your father not only wished to effect a reconciliation with you, but to restore to you your inheritance; and it is a duty that you owe to yourself, to your wife, and above all to your son, to do your best to carry out his wishes."

Jack listened in silence, and when the doctor had ended looked up like one awaking from a dream.

"Your are right, doctor," he said simply. "Florence, forgive me. I was a selfish brute to think only of myself and forget what this means to you and the child. What was it that you were saying? for I did not hear."

We repeated what had been said. He sat thinking silently for a minute.

"My grandfather's chair," he repeated musingly. "There is an old chair in the library that has been in the family for years, and goes by that name; but it is impossible that his words should have had any reference to it."

"Not impossible, by any means," struck in Dr. Compton confidently. "I have read and heard of stranger hiding-places for a will than that; and, were I you, I should endeavor without loss of time to discover what the old chair had to say for itself."

"You say that the words going before were, 'Jack, forgive—forgive,' and then, 'the will,'" went on Jack, his voice trembling as he repeated his father's dying words. "Is it not possible, Flossie, that you were mistaken in thinking it to be 'the'—that it was in reality 'he will?'"

But on this fact I was positive, and Mrs. Benson, to whom I appealed for confirmation, bore me out in every particular.

Moreover, she asserted voluntarily that, six months ago, neither more nor less, she and another servant, who had since left, had been requested by their master to sign their names to a certain paper by which he evidently set great store.

"'Twas just after the New Year," she declared, soon after your last letter come, sir, as you must have wrote to tell of little Master Harold's birth; and it looked exactly like them curious papers as Lawyer Goldock always carries about with him."

"A revocation of his former will, I have not the slightest doubt," asserted the doctor confidently.

"Doctor," said Jack, after a few minutes' thought, "if there really should be anything in this, I would be glad to have your assistance in the matter, and it would be as well, if anything should be found, to have a trustworthy witness at hand. Under the circumstances I cannot ask you to dine here; but if you will look in after dinner this evening, we will begin operations on the old chair at once."

It was a massive piece of furniture, the huge old chair that had stood for years before the squire's writing-table, and under other circumstances, to meditate its destruction would have seemed something approaching sacrilege. But in a case like the present, all minor consideration sank out of sight, and my husband and the doctor, armed with chisels and scissors, set to work with a will to find out its secret, if it had one to disclose.

I could see that Dr. Compton was almost painfully excited; his certainty of finding something was most assured; and before long he seemed to inspire Jack too with his enthusiasm, so that the leather covering was off and the padding laid bare in a very little time.

Then began the search. Slowly, carefully, every morsel of the horsehair stuffing, of a size capable of concealing anything, was examined and pulled to pieces; nor did the workers desist until the very springs and framework had been stripped and laid bare.

But it was all in vain—nothing was there. It was a complete failure—a hoax, to all appearance. We looked at each other in silence. What were the thoughts of the two men I cannot say, but to me, I own, the disappointment came like a crushing blow. The hoped-for result had meant so much to me, and now it was only a fleeting shadow, like the rest.

"I expected nothing else," said Jack quietly. "My father could not have said what he meant to say. I thank you for your help, doctor, and am only sorrow to have given you so much unnecessary trouble. We had better go into the other room now, and I will lock this door and try to explain matters to Mrs. Benson in the morning."

Next day, towards noon, I left the house and wandered out alone. My husband was busy writing letters in the library, but I was restless and excited. The very atmosphere of the house seemed stifling to me, and with a vague longing for fresh air and freedom I crossed the lawn, opened a small wicket gate, and found myself in what was usually known as the Home Park

Here it was cool and shady, but upon that hot June morning the very shade of the trees seemed oppressive, and with a feverish longing to feel the breath of heaven blow on my face, I crossed the park with as much speed as might be, my destined goal being a green hill that rose beyond. I had only a field or two to traverse after leaving the park, and then, having mounted a stile, my climb began. I said to myself that I would gain the top, and enjoy both breeze and view at the same time; but I had had much to try me within these last few days and felt very tired, and half-way up I sat down, quite worn out, to rest on a huge gray boulder that offered an inviting seat.

It was a charming scene upon which my eyes rested as I sat there. About a mile distant lay the Manor, its red brick walls peeping from amidst the clumps of trees that embowered it, and which, stretching on either hand, clothed the spacious park. June was just in its first flush of beauty, and only those who have experienced it can know how delightfully, almost divinely refreshing the sight of the opening glories of summer amidst the sweet peace of the country, can be to eyes and hearts wearied with the sights and sounds of the great city.

The scent of hay, wild rose and honeysuckle was in the air; the song of the lark mingled with the sound of whetty scythes and the murmur of the brook that ran at the foot of the hill; below in the meadow I had just left, two or three cows were feeding peacefully, and beyond them in the park, I could see the dappled coats of

the deer, now couching beneath a massive oak.

Everything was happy, everything seemed to speak of peace; and for awhile the calm and beauty of the scene seemed to steal into my heart, and to quiet and deaden the dull feeling of disappointment and dispair.

But it is given only to few to remain blissfully moored on the sea of the present without being hurried away by the currents of the future or the past, and before long my thoughts drifted from the peaceful beauty of the scene before me to the hopelessness of the future.

Who could wonder that my thoughts were with the living, not with the dead? It was impossible for me to feel as my husband felt towards the old man so lately passed away; and, I have no wish to deny it, the sense of the bitter wrong done to Jack was the strongest feeling in my heart. For a few minutes I sat, the sweet scene before me filling my eyes; but at last the bitterness of my own reflections seemed to blot its beauty out, and as I thought of the hopeless misery and privations of the coming winter, of all that they must mean for the two I loved so dearly, I hid my face in my hands and sobbed unrestrainedly.

Suddenly I fancied I heard a slight movement. I looked up hastily; I had not been mistaken—in front of me a little child was standing, her finger in her mouth, staring hard at the stranger. She was a plump wee thing, with fair curly hair showing through the tattered brim of her hat, and her big solemn gray eyes were fixed upon my face with a look of curious wonder. As I glanced at the sweet childish face, a swift pang of pain shot through my heart; my Margery might have looked like that, had she lived. For a moment, while I dried my tears, we gazed at the other in silence, then, yielding to the natural attraction that an innocent child exercises over every one, I put out my hand to the little creature.

"What is your name, dear, and where do you live?" I asked gently. Childlike she answered the last question first.

"Down there," she responded shyly, pointing to a small white cottage at the foot of the hill. "An' my name's Lucy—Lucy Smith."

"And what does Lucy do all day?" I went on, drawing her nearer. "Do you go to school?"

"Mornings," was the answer.

"And in the afternoon you run about the meadows and play; is that it? Are you not glad to live so near to this beautiful hill? It must be a charming playground for you."

"Yes," was the prompt response. "If we didn't live so nigh I shouldn't have no chance to get pennies from folk."

"Pennies, what for?"

"Why for showing 'em the way to My Grandfather's Chair."

"My Grandfather's Chair?" I repeated in bewilderment. "What is that."

"Why, that's it as you're a-setting on," was the startling and altogether unexpected rejoinder, spoken in an injured kind of tone, as if, by finding my way to the spot alone, I had defrauded the small guide of her due.

Full of mystification, I rose to my feet and looked more closely at the stone upon which I had been seated. Sure enough, there was some resemblance to a huge old-fashioned chair in the two blocks; one of which did duty for the seat, while the other, curving slightly outwards, formed the back.

"This here's the seat, ma'am, and that's the back, see?" went on my small informant, who evidently knew her part by heart. "No one knows who put it here, it's been like this ever and ever so long, and there's lots of folks come to see it." A sudden and wild hope flashed into my mind as I listened.

"Whose land is this?" I asked breathlessly.

"The Squire's," was the answer, followed by the altogether unnecessary information, "him as died the day afore yesterday." There was no need to ask more.

"I have not a penny with me," I said, smiling at the child. "But perhaps these will do as well," offering a couple of biscuits that Mrs. Benson had insisted on my taking with me. They were accepted with a good grace, and I lost no time in retracing my steps.

CHAPTER V.

JACK was walking up and down the avenue as I crossed the park, but he caught sight of me in the distance, and springing over the low paling, came to meet me. As I watched him, I could not help thinking, as Lawyer Goldock had done, how thoroughly well-fitted he looked to play the part that was rightfully his own, if the chance should ever be given him. I trusted that now it would: I had not been led so far to be cast adrift now.

"Why, what has happened, Flossie?" he asked as we met. "How tremendously excited you look. Country air suits you, my darling; I never saw you look so well, your cheeks are as bright as roses." And he sighed a little; I knew why, at the involuntary thought of how soon I should be debarred from enjoying it.

"I have had a delightful walk," I answered evasively as he drew my arm through his and we began slowly to pace up and down. "You never told me there were such lovely walks in the neighborhood, you bad boy."

"Where have you been, then?"

"Up that hill, beyond the park. I found such a curious old stone seat there, too. Do you know what it is called?"

Jack took off his hat, and with a gesture that was habitual to him when puzzled, ran his fingers through his dark curly hair.

"I ought to know it, if I don't," he answered. "And yet, I believe I have forgotten it. Yes, it has escaped me, Flossie."

"It is called 'My Grandfather's Chair.'"

I felt him start at the words, but he only shook his head with a smile.

"Your thoughts still running on that, my wife. Florence, it is nothing, a dream, a delusion. My father was wandering in his mind, and did not know what he was saying."

"It is not, and he was not," I retorted positively. "Oh, Jack," and I clasped my hands on his arm and looked up into his face, "you know my reasons for urging this so strongly; I know you do. I am not afraid of your thinking me mercenary or grasping; but I feel as sure as that I am living now it was to that your father referred ta to his death. What other motive could have led him to mention the matter then?"

He tried again to reason me out of it, telling me that I was catching at a shadow; but I would not listen. My arguments prevailed at last; so far at least that he consented to lay the matter before Dr. Compton, and ask what he thought of it.

"Nothing in it," repeated the doctor indignantly, when he had heard my story, "nothing in it, eh? I think there is everything in it; and I tell you, my lad, though you may be Lord of the Manor, and my landlord to boot, any one of these days now, that if you don't give this a fair chance, you will be an out-and-out idiot. To think that I, after living here all my life, should have been such an ass!"

"You had better keep me from being one, then," retorted my husband with a smile, "by coming to help me. Only we must wait until after dusk, to avoid the risk of being watched".

"With all my heart," the old doctor said cordially. "Why, my boy, I'd give the best years of my life, I think, to see the 'king enjoy his own again.'"

Jack grasped his hand, his whole face speaking for him. "You are awfully good to me, doctor," he said huskily.

"Nonsense, nonsense," returned Dr. Compton, blowing his nose violently. "It's the other way, I tell you; I'm the obliged party, for I've to thank you two young people for giving me a bit of romance in real life in my old age. Didn't have any of my own, you see."

"Then you do not think, as I cannot help doing," asked Jack, "that at the time of his death my poor father's mind was wandering?"

"Not a bit of it," declared the doctor stoutly. "Squire Everest was as sane at the last as either you or I. Well, a couple of poles to use as crowbars and a spade will be all the tools we shall want, I suppose. If I remember rightly, the stone will not be beyond the power of two men to move."

"Not beyond that of one," I put in. "How could one man have lifted it himself, in order to conceal this—this parchment beneath it, had it been otherwise?"

"You hear her, doctor?" said Jack with a smile. "You see what notions she has got into her head, and I suppose you will know how useless it is for me to try to combat them. To-night then, about 8.30, I shall be ready for you."

The dusk of the June evening was closing in, when my husband left me in order to join the doctor. To say that I was not strung to the highest pitch of excitement, as I sat in the gathering darkness, with Harold in my arms, would be untrue; and yet, strange as it may seem, great though the suspense might be, there was not a trace of doubt or distrust in it. How to account for the singular certainty of my conviction, I never knew afterwards; but at least I am positive that from first to last a shadow of misgiving never entered my head. Slowly the minutes crept away; they would be absent at least an hour, perhaps two, and I had ample time for thinking. How short the margin had been left in which anything could be done: tomorrow was the day fixed for the funeral, after which the will would be read, and that cousin, the legal heir, would take possession in place of my husband, the late squire's only, but disinherited son.

Ah, but not if, as I firmly believed, another and a later will lay concealed beneath the stones that formed My Grandfather's Chair, hidden in a spot where none would dream of seeking for it, should the squire persist in his first determination to the last.

I sat silent, for Mrs. Benson had taken baby to bed, lost in a long deep reverie. Hark! what was that? surely the sound of footsteps on the gravel. I flew to the low French window and unbolted it, admitting my husband and the doctor. One glance at their faces told me all.

"You have found it!" I cried, trembling from head to foot.

"Florence, my own dear wife," said Jack tenderly, taking me in his arms, "forgive me for doubting you, my darling. You were right and I was wrong; Dr. Compton has the missing will."

I broke down then; I suppose it was natural that, after the strain of so many hours, for a long time I could do nothing but sob and cry in Jack's arms, and only whisper again and again, "I am so glad—so glad."

They got me soothed at last between them, and afterwards I was able to hear it all, and to look at the strange piece of parchment lying on the table, which, wrapped in a piece of oil skin, must have been hidden by the squire's own hand beneath the stones of My Grandfather's Chair.

Drawn up in perfectly legal form, and dated barely six months ago, there it lay, the Last Will and Testament of Harold Everest, by which the whole of his possessions, Medlicott Hall, as well as Teddington Manor, with all the broad lands thereto, appertaining, were left to his dear and only son, John Stuart Everest.

* * * * * *

Six years have gone by since then; and children's feet, not those of little Harold alone, run up and down the stairs of Teddington Manor. There is a new lodge-keeper at the gate, by name Joe Smith; and if you get into conversation with him, he will never weary of telling you what a popular man the young is, and how much he is beloved by his tenantry. Nor will he fail to dilate upon his goodness to himself, in particular; and sooner or later you will be sure to hear what a "heap o' notice," the squire and his lady always take of his little Lucy, who, as soon as she is old enough, is to be taken into service at the Manor. But only Dr. Compton, my husband and myself know why, when we speak of her, we call Lucy Smith our Good Angel.

[THE END.]

CHAMPION RAPID WRITERS.—Mr. Hayseed: "Marier, I've made up my mind ter send our boy to the city writing-school to learn how to write." Mrs. Hayseed: "He writes a good hand." "Yes, Marier, but he's too slow for these times. The city's the place to learn things, Marier, no matter what. They write like greased lightnin' there. Why, Marier, while I was in the city I saw a man write a two page love-letter in seventeen seconds, by the watch. He was a regular city feller, too—I could tell by his clothes. Why, Marier, when the girl that letter was writ to got it, it took her 'most five minutes to read it. I timed her, too." Love-letter—girl reading it! Why, where and how on 'arth did you see a letter written, and then——" "Oh, it's all so, Marier. I saw it in a the a-tre."

WHEN Mrs. Amelia Frost was ordained to the Congregational ministry at Littleton, Mass., recently, one of the examining committee asked Mrs. Frost: "Does the Bible point to women's preaching?" "Apparently so in my case," was the reply. "But," said the questioner, "I had hoped you would answer by some quotation from the Bible." Instantly Mrs. Frost replied: "Your sons and daughters shall prophesy." There was a tremendous applause, and all spirit of opposition to the ordination ended.

STOP THAT CONSTANT HACKING, by removing the irritation in the throat, and subduing any inflammation that may exist there, by using Dr. D. Jayne's Expectorant, a long established remedy for Throat and Lung troubles, of over fifty years popularity.

Scientific and Useful.

DRUGS.—A law enacted in Germany requires that all drugs intended for internal use be put in round bottles; those for external use shall be put up in hexagonal bottles.

PNEUMATIC SADDLE.—A pneumatic saddle, which may be filled with either air or water, has been invented by a Parisian. For riding long distances, either on horseback or on a bicycle, it is a desideratum.

ENGRAVINGS.—To transfer engravings to paper, place the engraving for a few seconds over the vapor of todine. Dip a slip of white paper in a weak solution of starch, and when dry, lay the slip upon the engraving, and place both for a few minutes under a press.

RUST.—To keep tools from rusting, take half an ounce of camphor, dissolve in one pound melted lard; take off the scum and mix in as much fine black lead (graphite) as will give it an iron color. Clean the tools and smear with this mixture. After 24 hours rub clean with a soft linen cloth. The tools will keep clean for months under ordinary circumstances.

AUGERS.—The largest auger ever made in an auger and bit manufacturing town has been recently finished at James Swan's shops. The tool is fourteen feet long and three inches in diameter. It was made in sections three feet long, and three men were kept busy nearly three days in polishing it. There is but one use for this immense tool, and that is for boring pump stocks.

NEW GUN.—Colonel Donnethone of England has invented a new magazine gun for which he claims the following advantages: Greater penetration, lower trajectory, increased storage capacity in magazine, quicker action, simpler construction, lighter and cheaper; and it must be admitted that the tests to which the weapon has been subjected were well sustained. An important feature of the gun is that the centre of gravity is preserved whatever the condition of the magazine. As will be seen, the gun possesses advantages which are highly appreciated by soldier or sportsman.

Farm and Garden.

HORSES.—A large and heavy horse may possess greater strength than one of lighter weight, but a horse is intended for the road as well as to draw loads, which necessities speed as well as strength for a general purpose animal.

TEMPER.—A man who has not the most absolute control of his temper has no business to handle horses. If your farm hand gets mad and swears at or strikes a horse you do not want him. He will do you more harm than good if you let him have the run of the place for a year.

FEEDING.—All feeding crops have two distinct values—their feeding and their manurial value. The man who neglects the second will find in time that he has neglected the most important of the two, the one which has a direct effect in maintaining the prosperity of the farm.

FERTILIZERS.—The sources of fertilizers are inexhaustible. A few years ago the suggestion that a valuable fertilizer would be obtained from iron would have been received with doubt, but basic slag, one of the richest substances in phosphoric acid, is now derived from the iron furnaces.

MILKING.—Irregularity in milking does more damage to cows than many persons are aware of, and the same holds true as regards feeding. To secure the best results there should be as little excitement as possible, and all reasonable care taken to milk, feed, water and care for the cows at regular hours.

SALT.—It is a good plan to sprinkle the manure pile with salt. When used in small quantities salt promotes fermentation, and at the same time its capacity for attracting moisture is excellent to prevent fire fanging. In other words, the salt promotes slow rather than violent fermentation, and makes the fertiliser soluble without wasting it. A little addition of salt to phosphate manures makes them much more effective. But the salt should be added only just before the fertilizer is to be drilled in or it will be made a wet, spongy mass that cannot be evenly distributed.

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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About Arguments.

There is no nation in the world where the right of free discussion is so jealously guarded and so constantly practised as among the American people. From the senate house to the country corner grocery where village sages meet to talk over and settle the affairs of the nation, in the palace and the cottage, in town and country, by old and young, man and woman, the privilege of asserting and maintaining private and individual opinion, has been more universally claimed and constantly exercised than any other of the boasted "rights of man" and "rights of woman."

Surely, then, considering the advantage, the interest, we may say the necessity of free discussion and interchange of opinion, and the evils and dangers which its abuse so frequently brings, it is worth considering whether there is not a possibility of training the mind and controlling the feelings, so as to obtain the one and to avoid the other.

Let us, in the first place, see where the dangers principally lie, and the consequent means by which they may be avoided. The first cause of the deficiencies of which we speak is a want of due and calm consideration of the subjects on which the argument in question happens to turn, and a mastery of the real merits of the case.

No man loses his self-possession and temper as soon as the one who has taken up his opinions hastily or without a clear idea of the reasons on which they are founded, and by which they can be properly defended and supported.

The uneasy consciousness that he cannot disprove the arguments of his adversary by reason, naturally leads to violence and irritation of speech and feeling; and much as an orator or preacher is apt to mistake gesticulation and loudness for powerful exhortation, such a person substitutes dogmatic assertion and vituperation for logic.

The first great desideratum for arguing well is undoubtedly a mastery of the subject under consideration, and the possession of the reasons by which the side taken up can be supported, whether it turns out to be the right or the wrong one.

No doubt, a mathematical or logical training is necessary for the perfection of this talent, since, without such schooling of the mental powers, there will always be found a tendency to wander from the subject, to pursue it to false conclusions and bring in extraneous matter; but still there may be a sufficient amount of knowledge and reason to enable those, who have not had this advantage, to avoid the irritation and absurdities consequent on ignorance, or superficial views of points under discussion. Where this is impossible, silence, or, at least, modest inquiry is certainly the most wise and dignified course.

There is little need to say that impartiality, so far as it is possible to view a subject without bias of some sort, is another great essential in argument. When there is a strong predisposition on one side so as to distort the mental vision, argument scarcely deserves the name; for there will be little change of a fair consideration, or indeed of any consideration at all, of opposite views.

It is perhaps scarcely possible for the most candid mind to look with perfect equality on different sides of any question of interest; previously formed political or religious views, natural temperament, education, social habits and associations, must invariably come into play; and insensibly influence the feelings and understanding.

But it is not only possible, but absolutely indispensable to give weight to reasons for and against; to believe that the evidence is not entirely on one side, and to repress as far as may be the feelings and impulses which will ever strive to influence and overcome the judgment. It is here where logical training is of such essential service by the power it gives of ignoring all but hard, real facts, and tracing the real connection of the links which form the chain of reasoning.

It enables a man to detect a fallacy in the process of reasoning; to look at subjects as they are, instead of through the film of prejudice or predilections, and having formed his own opinions to bring them home to his opponent, with the irrefutable proof of a mathematical demonstration. In default of this there should be an honest endeavor to divest the mind of unfairness and previous leaning to one side independently of reason and proof.

Our previous remarks have implied the necessity of preserving calmness and equanimity of temper during even exciting argument; and, in fact, the rules laid down will be found of great service in accomplishing that difficult task.

Those indeed who can look at and speak of subjects in the abstract, apart from personal feeling and prejudice, will be in little danger of irritability and violence; while the habit of calmly considering opinions before adopting them, and giving others credit for the same reasonableness and candor on their side, will ensure courtesy and good feeling, even in animated discussion of exciting topics.

It is generally more to personal feeling than to strongly held opinions that the loss of temper may be traced; and if once self can be forgotten in the discussion of more interesting topics, whatever eagerness and warmth may be shown will seldom lead to interruption of good feeling. But when once the expression of self-satisfaction and contempt for an opponent betrays itself, there is an end of all peace and kindness; it provokes angry retort, which again is not slowly responded to, and a quarrel, perhaps a permanent one, ensues.

There is, moreover, a class of persons who manage by their very calmness and imperturbable obstinacy to provoke in others the passion and irritation from which they appear themselves to be free. This should be carefully avoided if an adversary is worth arguing with; it should be done with due respect, and reasons given, fully and frankly, for the opinions held; if not, let the argument cease, or rather, never be begun, for nothing is more irritating than that species of contempt which such a manner as we have spoken of betrays.

It is no bad plan, however, when compelled to argue with an illogical or unreasonable opponent, to take up his own premises and assertions and carry them out to their legitimate conclusions, a proceeding which will, more probably than any other, show the real absurdity and tendency of his arguments, and compel him to surrender at discretion, with the provocation of temper which a different mode of meeting him would induce.

Above all, let them at once yield, if they cannot or will not sufficiently master a subject to discuss it with good sense and gentleness, and not risk the loss of peace, and, it may be, of affection, which too often ensues on the provoking obstinacy, which maintains an opinion without being able to say "why," and refuses to listen to superior reasoning, calmer and more impartial views, and sounder logic.

EVERY man has his own vocation. There is one direction in which all space is open to him. He has faculties silently inviting him thither to endless exertion. He is like a ship in a river; he runs against obstructions on every side, but one; on that side all obstruction is taken away, and he sweeps serenely over a deepening channel into an infinite sea.

MANY a man is mad in certain instances, and goes through life without having it perceived. For example, a madness has seized a person of supposing himself obliged literally to pray continually; had the madness turned the opposite way, and the person thought it a crime ever to pray, it might not improbably have continued unobserved.

IF time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be the greatest prodigality, since lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough always proves little enough. Let us then be up and doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity.

THOUGH an inheritance of acres may be bequeathed, an inheritance of knowledge cannot. The wealthy man may pay others for doing his work for him; but it is impossible to get his thinking done for him by another, or to purchase any kind of self-culture.

ABSOLUTE ugliness is admitted as rarely as perfect; but degrees of it, more or less distinct, are associated with whatever has the nature of death and sin, just as beauty is associated with what has the nature of virtue and of life.

IF you call a man ungrateful, you cannot impute to him anything more detestable. One ungrateful man does an injury to all who stand in need of aid. The animal with long ears seldom leaves his trough without kicking it.

A FLIPPANT, frivolous man may ridicule others, may controvert them, scorn them, but he who has any respect for himself seems to have renounced the right of thinking meanly of others.

THERE is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheerishness, which in a thousand outward and intermitting crosses may yet be done well as in this vale of tears.

THE intellectual faculty is a goodly field, capable of great improvement; and it is the worst husbandry in the world to sow it with trifles and impertinences.

FLOWERS never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when a storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.

LABOR is life; from the inmost heart of the worker rises his God-given force, the sacred celestial life-essence breathed into him by Almighty God!

THE grandest of heroic deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy.

CONFIDENTIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

G. L. M.—The navies of the world rank as follows: 1, Great Britian; 2, France; 3, Russia; 4, Germany; 5, Italy; 6, United States.

LONDON.—The population of the world is estimated to be 1,479,729,400; and the human race is said to increase at the rate 5 790,000 a year. The followers of Christianity number 477,068,168; of this number 230,896,533 are Catholics.

ANDY R.—The relative proportions of the letters, in the formation of words, have been pretty accurately determined, as follows: A, 85; B, 16; C, 30; D, 44; E, 120; F, 25; G, 17; H, 64; I, 80; J, 4; K, 8; L, 40; M, 30; N, 80; O, 80; P, 17; Q 5; R, 62; S, 80; T, 90; U, 34; V, 12; W, 20; X, 4; Y, 20; Z, 2.

A. T. J.—Among the insignia of court fools, or jesters, were the fool's cap, partly-colored, adorned with three asses' ears and a cock's comb, and worn on a shorn head; the variously shaped fool's scepare or bauble; the bells, which decorated the cap and most other parts of the costume; and a wide collar. In England for some time the fools wore calfskin coats which had the buttons down the back.

G. M. S.—Marcus Tullius Cicero is meant, "Tully" is an angicized form of Tullius, as "Livy" is of Livius, "Pompey" of Pompeius, and "Antony" of Antonius. Until within a century, cultivated persons used the name "Tully" as often, or nearly as often, as that of "Cicero." Cicero, as is well known, was ancient Rome's most distinguished orator. He was born 106 B. C., and died 43 B. C. He was eminent in politics, and wrote many treatises on philosophical subjects.

H. R.—Galileo was the first to demonstrate the error of supposing the velocity of falling bodies proportional to their weight. He did this by letting drop simultaneously unequal weights from the top of the Tower of Pisa, explaining that the trifling difference of time noticed in their respective descents was due to the resistance of the air to different bulks. The statement of your friend about balls fired upward and downward from a gun is incorrect. The initial motion due to the combustion and explosion of the powder is, of course, the same in all cases, but when the gun is pointed downward, the motion of the ball is accelerated by the attraction of gravitation.

HOME-MADE.—1. To make chocolate drops, take one cup of cream and two cups of powdered sugar. Set in a vessel of boiling water, and boil until stiff. Into another vessel of hot water set a half-cup of grated chocolate, and let it melt. Roll the sugar into balls, and dip into the chocolate, and then set away to cool. 2. To candy nuts, take three cups of sugar and one cup of water. Boil until the sugar hardens when dropped in water, then flavor with lemon. The sugar must not boil after the lemon is put in. Put a nut on the end of a fine knitting-needle, and then turn the sugar on the needle until it is cool. If the candy gets cold, set on the stove for a few minutes.

VISITOR.—The following are the rules at the White House: The cabinet meets Tuesdays and Fridays at 11 A. M. Mondays are reserved by the President for the transaction of public business requiring his uninterrupted attention. Senators and Representatives are received on other days from 10 to 12 o'clock, except cabinet days, when the President receives them from 10 to 11. Persons, not Senators or Representatives, having business with the President, will be received every day from 10 to 1 o'clock, except on Mondays or cabinet days. Persons having no business, but desiring to pay their respects to the President, will be received at 1 o'clock on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays.

G. B. J.—Your success is indeed gratifying, and we heartily congratulate you upon occupying such an honorable position; but, now that you have succeeded in making a good start and are fairly on the way to a satisfactory livelihood, we think it would be better to work steadily and with great care at the duties of your occupation rather than try to lift yourself into fresh spheres of work by a burst of strenuous effort. Work is essential, but, as a slave-master, it kills. Probably you have acquired as much special knowledge as you need, and will have to wait for experience to give you your next promotion. Try to make yourself what Bacon calls "a full man," and then you will be ready for any position that may come within your reach without incurring the dangers of a further series of examination struggles.

EMMIE.—It is only a popular designation given for convenience, to the distinct but associated gases which proceed from foul places. The most odorous of these gases is sulphuretted hydrogen. Fortunately is is heavier than common air, and does not rise to do its deadly work, though its offensive smell impregnates the air for a long distance. Carbonic acid gas is another component of the so-called sewer gas. This is as fatal to life as sulphuretted hydrogen, but, like the latter, remains for the most part at the bottom of the sewer, cess-pools, or stagnant well. The papers often give accounts of the death of workmen who are actually drowned by sinking unawares into a deposit or pool of this ponderous gas. It is some lighter gas, like ammonia or hydrogen, that emanates freely from bad places. Such a gas brings up with it the germs of typhoid fever, diphtheria, and some other virulent disease—these death-seeds being, in an unknown manner, yielded by the decomposing substances that abound in such places.

MA CHERE.

BY W. W. LONG.

Does ever the notes of one sweet song,
A soft, bewitching tune,
Bring back to your heart the memory
Of a perfect day in June?
Does ever the scent of the violets,
As they float on the fragrant air,
Bring you the dream of one afternoon,
Tender and sweet, ma chere?

The song is silent the singer sang,
By the river the violets are dead;
The olden way through the meadow grass
Our feet no more may tread.
But a memory picture bright and fair,
Brings a beautiful face to me;
The tender clasp of a warm, white hand,
And lips I kissed 'neath the locust tree.

The Bridegroom's Leap.

BY C. H.

THE sun was shining merrily, and a few lazy, fleecy clouds were drifting slowly across the clear blue sky. Everything looked calm and radiant as I stood buttoning my gloves on the doorstep that morning.

I felt more keenly then ever the delicious, exhilarating influence of the place and time, though I always loved my home better than any other place in the world.

My mother died before I could remember, so I was never conscious of her loss, which was made up to me by the tenderest devotion that a father ever gave to his only child.

I was never lonely—sometimes a little cousin came to stay with me, or I visited friends in the next county, but I think I was really happiest when my father and I were alone, and I was his constant companion in all his walks and rides over the fields and moors.

We were both passionately fond of animals, and horses, dogs, and cats were our best company.

The time that I am speaking of is more than forty years ago, and things have changed since then, no doubt, but when I was young, it was a rough part of the country that we lived in, and we had few neighbors within twenty miles.

How well I remember that bright morning as I waited impatiently for my chestnut horse, Prince Charlie, to be brought round, and how little I thought what that lovely day would bring to me. I was going to ride alone that morning, for my father had to stay and see a man who was coming over on business.

I was quite accustomed to being out alone, and often scoured the country for miles round on Prince Charlie. He was so strong and sure footed, and so gentle and obedient to me (though he would hardly let a groom get on his back), that my father never had the least fear for my safety.

The old governess, who still lived with us, and the servants, used to shake their heads and say that there were wild characters about, and Miss Molly would come to harm some day; but my father would only laugh, and say he should like to see the man within thirty miles of Dungarron who would dare to molest his daughter.

And this was no idle boast, for the squire of Dungarron was known far and wide in those parts. He was a tall, powerfully-built man, rather stern in manner with strangers, and accustomed to have his own way, for very few cared to thwart him; his position also as magistrate, squire and large landowner made him generally respected and feared by the rough people all round.

Lately, however, the country had been more disturbed than usual; times had been hard, and some of the men who found it difficult even at the best to pick up a scanty living on the coast, had taken to robbing their neighbors, and only a week before a horrible affair had taken place.

A young gentleman, named Trevellyan, whom we knew slightly, though he lived quite thirty miles away, had been murdered when riding home from the nearest town with a large sum of money, and a pocket-book containing nearly $200 was stolen.

The dead body of the unfortunate young man was found many hours after; he had evidently had a desperate struggle with his assailant, who had at last killed him by shooting him through the heart.

Nothing had been heard of the perpetrator of this outrage, though my father had spared no pains to discover him—the police had done their best, but there was no clue whatever to the indentity of the murderer.

However, my thoughts were far from dwelling on such a dreadful subject so at last I mounted, and, waving farewell to my father, cantered off down the turf at the side of the drive, and out on to the moor.

The air was so fresh and enjoyable after recent heavy rains, that I felt I must make my way to the sea, which was about ten miles off, by a short cut. A fairly good road run round a promontory which jutted out into the sea at this point, but the road was quite two miles farther, and went most of the way round by the shore.

I much preferred to keep up on the moorland heights as long as possible, and then drop down to the sea on the south side of the headland by a steep and stony path which only a horse born and bred in the neighborhood would have cared to face.

Prince Charlie was surefooted and clever enough to carry me safely over a worse place than this, and at last we arrived on the desolate bleak shore, where the cold green waves were breaking in restless petulance.

The sky had by this time become overcast, and I shivered as I glanced up at the dark mouth of a cave which left the rocks just here, and ran back far inland.

I began to gallop round the edge of the little bay, but, to my dismay, I found that my horse was slightly lame. I pulled up, and walked him gently, and then tried again—there was no doubt of it—he was now worse, and limped perceptibly on the near hind foot. What should I do? I slipped off and examined the foot carefully the sensible animal putting his head anxiously down to mine as though asking what I thought of it. Nothing was to be seen, but the foot was hot and inflamed, and I knew that a nail must be the cause of the mischief.

Here was a pleasant predicament! I could do nothing, there was no blacksmith within many miles of this lonely place, and I foresaw nothing but a long walk home, twelve miles off, for I should have to go by the road, and Charlie would be dead lame, perhaps for life, long before he got there.

As I knelt on the sand, absorbed in examining the horse's foot, and trying to think what I could possibly do for him, a harsh grating voice startled me, and I sprang hastily to my feet. Before me stood one of the most repulsive-looking men I had ever seen. He was of medium height, rather thin, with bent shoulders, but yet he gave one the impression of possessing great strength, and I noticed afterwards that his arms were remarkably long and muscular.

But it was his face which immediately arrested my attention, and I felt by no means reassured as I looked. Thick matted hair fell over his low forehead; one eye was covered with a huge black patch, and the other seemed to have acquired more than its share of low cunning and brutality; his under-jaw also projected in a most unsightly fashion.

However, he spoke civilly enough, saying that he had seen me dismount, and wanted to know if he could be of any service. I was loth to have anything to do with such a creature, but what else could I do? If he was only able to help, I would risk anything for the sake of my dear Charlie. So I told him what was the matter, and he looked carefully at the foot, and said in his uncouth language that it would be a bad job for the horse if I took him any further in that condition. The man also informed me that his name was Jim Kersey, that he came of gipsy stock, and understood all about horses, and had two of his own up at the hut which he pointed out a little way up the bay.

In humble, deprecating tones he suggested that if I would only deign to go up to his cottage, and wait for an hour, he thought he might be able to set the shoe right. He had a sort of forge where he made rough shoes for his own ponies, and he would take this one off, and do the best he could with it.

The man evidently knew who I was, and his manner was so extremely deferential, even to cringing, and he was so anxious to be of service, that I accepted his offer for want of a better, and started up the little path towards the miserable two-roomed hut, Kersey leading the horse behind me

I would much rather have waited out in the open air, but it had turned suddenly cold, and Kersey seemed so bent on my going inside that I really did not like to hurt his feelings by refusing. I have since thought that he was anxious to put me under as much obligation to him as possible, so that my father might be favorably disposed towards him in case of need.

The one room which served for kitchen and sitting-room was rather close and dirty; the window was not made to open, and all the ventilation came from the low door. A hideous old woman, whom Kersey said was his mother, was crouching over a few logs on the hearth; she took very little notice of me, but went on talking and mumbling to herself.

With abject apologies for the poor accommodation, Kersey drew forward the only other chair, and promising to be as quick as possible, went off with the horse, leaving me to wait with what patience I could. I tried to talk to the old woman, but she looked sullen and suspicious, and I could not get her to answer, though I believe she understood perfectly well what was said. I wandered round and round the tiny room, trying to find something to amuse myself with, and I saw that Kersey's mother watched me sharply all the time, while pretending to take no notice.

At last I sat down again, resolved to wait patiently, and the old woman soon after saying something about getting up the potatoes, hobbled out of the room into the little strip of garden. I watched her for some time from the window, and then began playing with a large black spider which ran backwards and forwards on the window ledge.

With the end of my whip I guided him hither and thither until at last he disappeared in a very large crack in the rough stone-work beneath the window. Loth to lose my only source of amusement, I put my fingers gently down into the crack to see if I could find him. I could not feel the spider anywhere, but I touched something which felt smooth and soft, and my curiosity being aroused, I felt it over carefully, and then with some difficulty drew it from its hiding-place.

Covered with dust, and bearing marks of rough safe usage, I could still see plainly that it was a solid brown leather pocket-book. I opened it—it was quite empty. Surprised that people like the Kerseys should ever have possessed a case of such superior make and finish, and above all, keep it in such a strange place, I brushed off the dust, turned it over and over, and suddenly noticed what looked like faint ink marks on the cover. Holding it up to the light, I distinctly made out the letters G. E. Trevellyan, written in black ink on the right-hand corner.

It all flashed upon me at once—Kersey must be the robber and murderer of poor young Trevellyan, and this was his pocket-book, though why Kersey had been foolish enough to keep it I could not imagine. Overwhelmed with this discovery, I stood for a few moments stunned, with the leather case in my hand, considering what I should do.

All at once I heard a step outside, and hastily thrusting the case back into its hiding place, I turned towards the door. Kersey stood there, and the look of rage and abject fear on his face startled me into self-possession. I knew that he had seen me with the pocket-book, and I also knew now that he was a desperate villain who stuck at nothing to secure his own safety. I assumed as calm and indifferent a tone as possible, though my heart was beating wildly, and enquired when my horse would be ready.

"It is ready now—I will fetch it," he stammered in a hesitating way, as though he could not make up his mind what to do, while his eye wandered uneasily round the room, "but the lady must not ride all that long way alone—I will come too—I must go as far as Portruddock to-day—I will see that you are quite safe."

"No, no," I cried, very much frightened at the idea. "I will not have it—I always ride alone, and I prefer it. My father, Squire Dungarron, will reward you for all you have done, and I am much obliged for your help. Please go and fetch my horse at once."

Kersey then tried to persuade me to wait a little, and rest the horse longer, but I was now thoroughly alarmed, and insisted angrily on his fetching Charlie at once, and at last started myself to go and find him, when Kersey was obliged to come too, grumbling, and looking very evilly at me all the time. At last, to my infinite relief, I was once more mounted, and riding slowly along the road, for I could not attempt the short cut, though Charlie was certainly going a great deal better than before. I was naturally much upset by the discovery I had just made, and the crafty expression of Kersey's face as he watched me ride away, haunted me till I grew quite nervous. I had never seen the man before, though I had often heard his name. He called himself a fisherman, but it was well known that he lived principally by smuggling, and wrecking, though he had never been suspected of such crimes as robbery and murder. The two horses which he kept were spirited ponies, reared on the moors, and he used them for conveying his various wares to the neighboring towns. I could not help realizing that he was a dangerous man to cross, and again and again I wished myself safely at home, though I kept on assuring myself that Kersey could do me no harm now. I was fairly started on my way—steep cliffs rose on one side, and the sea was on the other, while I could command the whole length of the white road behind me, which was absolutely deserted. I had gone nearly three miles on my way, and had turned the point of the headland, happier with every step which brought me nearer home, when I thought I heard a faint neigh ahead, and Charlie pricked up his ears. I went quietly on, looking about, but thinking it was probably some moorland pony up on the cliffs, when suddenly my heart seemed to jump into my mouth—there, at a turn in the road, seated on his fidgety little bay mare, was Kersey himself! A wild idea of turning to fly, or dashing past, occurred to me, but I instantly saw the folly of such a proceeding, so I rode on, and said as boldly as I could, "How did you get here, Kersey, and why did you come? I told you I preferred to be alone."

"I came to see that you were all right, honored lady," he answered in a whining, cringing voice. "I though the good horse might go lame again, and you would want my help. I came over the cliffs, and down there," and he pointed to a narrow precipitous little path which even Charlie could never have attempted—his pony must have been able to climb like a cat.

"The horse is not lame, and I do not require any assistance, thank you," I answered coldly; "you can go back again."

"That I cannot do, honored lady; the pony just managed to scramble down, but to return is impossible, and I must go to Portruddock to-night. I will follow behind if you will be graciously pleased to allow me."

"No," I said quickly, "ride by my side if you must come." And we started off, his evil-looking face working with suppressed passion, and I keeping a wary outlook on all his movements. It was a terrible ride. I dared not take my eyes off him, for I knew he intended to do me a mischief to prevent my giving evidence against him; but in what way would it be? How would he begin? The uncertainty and suspense affected my nerves till I could have shrieked for very terror.

Suddenly Kersey leaned forward, and drawing out a pistol which he had concealed about him, fired it off right under my horse's nose. It did not touch him, but the loud report made the frightened animal rear and plunge, and at the same moment Kersey caught hold of my arm and tried to drag me out of the saddle. I understood his plan now—he wanted to get me thrown, and then, when the riderless horse returned to its stable, and my dead body was found on the road, it would be impossible to say that a fractured skull was not caused by the fall. I knew that he was quite capable of completing the work himself if I were not killed outright. But I had been brought up to the saddle from my earliest childhood, and had besides inherited something of my father's determined nature, and it was not so easy to unseat me. My blood was up now, and I resolved to make a desperate struggle for my life. Fearing that Kersey would drag me by main force from the saddle, I managed to give his fiery mare a sharp cut with my whip which caused her to leap up and plunge violently. With an oath Kersey was forced to relinquish his hold on me to retain his own seat, and taking advantage of the moment I touched Charlie with the whip and dashed off at a swinging gallop before Kersey could recover himself, though I soon heard the pony tearing after us, urged to its utmost speed by the furious ruffian on its back.

On we flew for a mile or more, the horses mad with excitement. I should have had no fear for the result if poor Charlie had been fresh and sound, for he was a splendid creature, well-bred, and with any amount of courage; but alas! he could not stand much more of this galloping on the hard road. He was beginning to go lame again, and though we were well ahead, I heard the pony's hoofs nearer and nearer already. The road had now left the shore and wound gradually up the moor, so that we were running an up hill race, and I dared not think what the end would be when Charlie could go no longer, and Kersey at last hunted me down.

I knew he was absolutely reckless and desperate, and that no prayers or entreaties could save me, for his own life de-

pended on silencing me and he would put no faith in any promises of secrecy I might make.

I shuddered as my horse flagged more and more, and I could hardly bear to urge him on; but my life depended on it, and I encouraged and kept him going as well as I could, though I knew he was nearly spent and Kersey was already gaining in our mad race.

We were up on the moor now, and still galloping wildly on, when a sudden thought struck me.

About half a mile to the right was a deep and wide ravine. Far down in its black recesses could be heard the hoarse roar of a foaming torrent which fought its way over its rocky bed to the sea.

The road ran for some miles round to avoid this yawning chasm, and there were many tales told of people who had perished on the moor by night through falling over the steep edge of this gruesome place.

One tale especially had always a peculiar fascination for me, and I had often looked at the spot called "The Bridegroom's Leap," shuddering as I peered down into the darkness, and wondered how he had ever made up his mind to leap that awful gap.

How little I dreamed that I should ever be driven to do the same! But it was my last desperate resource—we were near the very place. I knew every foot of these moors, and I determined to make one last effort for my life, leap the ravine, or perish in its awful depths—that at least would be better than being murdered in cold blood by that villian, from whom no mercy was to be expected.

I turned my horse across the moor, and made straight for the ravine. The poor fellow pricked up his ears and looked wistfully ahead, but I patted and talked to him, and he kept up his pace splendidly, though I could feel him quivering from pain and exhaution.

Kersey shouted and raved, and called to me to stop, promising to do me no harm if I would only wait. He guessed what I meant to do, and when I still held on he urged his mare faster and faster with blows and oaths, trying to overtake me before I reached the ravine. But I had gained considerably by my rapid turn on to the moor, and Charlie's last spurt.

I knew that Kersey would not dare to follow across the ravine on his spent pony, plucky little thing as it was, that would have been an absolute impossibility. It was indeed a desperate venture for me on my big chestnut.

We were close to the place now; I made for the very spot where the celebrated leap had taken place; for one moment I checked my horse, and breathed him, and then pressing his side with my heel we dashed straight for the ravine.

At that instant a sharp report rang through the air, and a bullet whizzed over my head.

As a last resource Kersey had tried to shoot me before I escaped him, and would no doubt have thrown my body into the ravine afterwards.

The sound of the shot, however, only helped to excite my horse still further, and he sprang like a deer into the air, and I felt sick and faint as I knew that we were hanging over an awful death.

A second more and the gallant animal had reached the opposite bank. He struggled and almost fell back, and then, with one mighty effort regained his footing and we were safe at last.

Turning round I say Kersey on the opposite side, raving and cursing, and shaking his first in impotent rage, but not daring to follow, and then he turned and galloped furiously away, and his figure gradually disappeared over the edge of the moor.

In a transport of delight and thankfulness for my wonderful escape, I slid off my horse and threw my arms round his neck and sobbed, and then started to lead him home, about three miles from where we now stood.

Before we had gone very far, however, to my inexpressible joy I saw my father galloping over the heather on his big black mare, looking for me, for he had become alarmed when I did not appear at dinner-time.

The sound of the pistol-shot had fortunately attracted him in this direction.

My story was soon told, and his white face showed what he suffered when he realized the peril in which I had been placed, and he could hardly believe that I had indeed taken that fearful leap unharmed. I was soon mounted in front of my father, and we led Charlie gently home, and though he was laid up for more than a month, I am happy to say that he was at last quite restored, and we had many good gallops together again.

Of course my father had the country scoured for Jim Kersey, but without success. They found his hut empty, and not a soul to be seen anywhere about.

The leather case had been removed from its place of concealment, the old woman had disappeared, and the horses were turned loose on the moor.

The fishing boat was no longer on the beach, so they concluded that Kersey had made good his escape by sea, probably to the coast of France, where he might have had friends in the smuggling trade. Anyhow, nothing was ever heard of him again, in spite of the large rewards which were offered for his apprehension, and I was never again molested in my rides, though I did not go quite so far alone as I had done before the memorable day when I took "The Bridegroom's Leap."

Who Was To Blame?

BY E. W. O.

"BY George! old Solomons was right. It does become me. After all, what a lot there is in dress. I didn't know I was half such a good looking fellow."

And the speaker, Lieutenant Selby, of the —th, fell into another attitude before the large mirror in his bedroom in the Depotown barracks, to judge, by means of the handsome costume which had converted him, pro tem., into the Earl of Leicester.

Just then swift footsteps advanced along the passage.

Blushing like a girl, the Lieutenant, seizing the candles, replaced them on the dressing-table, which scarcely had been done than the door was impulsively flung open, admitting sans ceremonie a young fellow of about eight and-twenty.

"What!" ejaculated the Lieutenant, "Austin Poynes!"

"Austin Poynes in propria persona, and really not his ghost," laughed the new comer. Then starting back, "bombshells and brickbats! What's the meaning of this grandeur? My most noble Earl of Leicester, what's up?"

'Oh, you know, then, for whom I'm intended?" remarked the Lieutenant, evidently much gratified as he glanced complaisantly down at his figure. "As to 'what's up,' why, old chap, I imagine you may guess. It's a fancy ball. It's to be no end of a time, as it's the last for us at Depotown. To-morrow the —th are off to fresh fields and pastures new. You do like the dress?"

"Like it! My dear fellow, every girl will be mashed. What's this?" lifting it from the table.

"My mask. Yes, by George! it's to be awfully jolly. Mrs. Poundext gives the ball. She's got half a dozen rather plain daughters, you know."

"Is that why you are to wear masks?" laughed the other.

"No, no, of course not. By George! you're just the same jokey fellow as ever, Poynes. No, but she does the thing swell, you know, to try to get 'em off her hands, and the Captain's caught, I believe. Well, we're all to wear masks until a gong strikes midnight, when, simultaneously, we're to remove them. Awful fun, eh? I wish you were going. By the way, what has brought you to Depotown? I thought you were in China.

"I've come back for good," laughed Austin Poynes, who had taken his place on a sofa. "Why have I come here? After a woman. As you know, Selby, a year ago I was desperately in love."

The Lieutenant, arranging his "George," nodded.

"With one of the prettiest, dearest, best girls—"

"Oh yes, of course—of course, etc., etc., etc."

"Exactly, etc., etc., etc.," laughing merrily. "Well, the parents wouldn't listen to me—wanted a better parti for her—you understand; but my darling was true and staunch, every inch of her. So at last they came to a compromise. I should accept an appointment offered me in China, and for the year of my absence my darling and I were to promise not to correspond. This was to be, as they say at elections, the test question. If our love survived the test, then all obstacles to our union would be removed, and we might be happy ever after."

"Rather hard lines, old chap, a year."

"They were cruel lines, Selby," said his visitor, more seriously. "Don't you see, while I was away, they trusted it would soon be 'out of sight, out of mind,' with my dearest; then, taking her into society, she might be won to say 'yes,' to a better parti. But Kate Vandeleur isn't the girl to desert the man she has vowed to love."

Lieutenant Selby, stooping to contemplate his order of the garter, abruptly straightened himself, and exclaimed:

"Who did you say? Kate Vandeleur?"

"Yes. Do you know her?" I am aware she is here on a brief visit. When I went to the old place, I was told that the Vandeleurs had left some months. Then I learned they were on a visit to the Stanleys. When I got there I was told they were all gone to Depotown. And here I am."

Lieutenant Selby was fingering his George, but no longer as if it interested him.

"Were your inquiries for Miss Kate Vandeleur?" he asked.

"Certainly not. I inquired for the Vandeleurs. One does not run about, man, trumpeting a young lady's name everywhere. Well, here I am at Depotown, and learning that you were quartered at this place, I came to see if you could give me any news."

"I know this much, old chap, that the Vandeleurs arrived two days ago, also, Mrs. Cyril Gower and husband. I haven't seen them; I don't know them, but I expect they will be at the ball to night."

"Will they?" cried Austin Poynes, springing up. "My dear fellow, could you get me a card? Could you pass me in? Is it too late, Selby? I'd be eternally indebted to you."

"I've no doubt, dear boy, I could take you with me as a friend," answered the Lieutenant, hesitatingly, his eyes on his shoe rosettes. "But—but, by George, you know, it's an awful shame. But are you aware who Mrs. Cyril Gower is, or rather, who she was?"

"My good fellow, how is that likely, since I have not been three days in England? I don't know, and don't care."

"Well, confound it all, I'm awfully sorry but she was Miss Kate Vandeleur."

Austin Poynes started as if struck by a rifle ball, then, as pale as death, standing erect, faced the speaker, his merriment fled. Then he said, hoarsely:

"It isn't true, Selby; there's some mistake. I tell you it isn't—it can't be true. Great Heavens, man! speak; say—say it may be a mistake, or I shall go mad."

"Oh, of course, it may be a mistake, old fellow, only, you know, it was in all the papers about six weeks ago. 'Cyril Gower to Miss Kathrine Vandeleur, of Queen's County, Ireland.' You know how they put it, you know. But Kathrine Vandeleur I'm certain it was, and she is now staying here with the Mortemains."

Austin Poynes, sitting down, buried his face in his hands, to hide the heart's agony written upon it.

The girl he loved, whose affection he as firmly believed in as his own, had proved false after all. He had returned to find her wedded to another. She could not face the year of test. That one little year.

In a few minutes he again arose; now his face flushed, his manner excited.

"Selby, where can I get a dress? a domino?" he exclaimed. "You said you could take me to this ball. I'll go. I'll meet her there. I'll hear the confession of her infidelity from her own lips. At any rate, if that be not possible, I'll have proof of it somehow, then—well, the future can wait. Where, man, can I get a dress?"

Lieutenant Selby regretted he had spoken, but it was too late. He could not refuse Poynes' request. To persuade him to give up the idea, one glance at his countenance showed would be loss of time. Better yield at once.

"You can get a dress at Solomons'," he said. "My cab must be in the barrack yard by now. We can drive there if you like. Only look here, old chap, don't make a scene?"

"Trust me, I'll not disgrace you, myself, nor—her," with a bitter laugh. "Come man, come."

Running down stairs, entering the cab waiting, they were soon driving at a headlong speed to Solomons', the costumier and wig-maker.

Mrs. Poundext's house was surrounded by a few acres of well laid out grounds, which on the occasion of the fancy-ball were brilliantly illuminated by colored lamps, the night being favorable and warm, while a marquee for dancing stood on the principal lawn. The effect was charming in the extreme, and soon proved the greatest attraction, for as the guests arrived, they streamed through the glass doors of the reception-room into the grounds. Speedily the same became animated and brilliant, amusing too, from the incongruity of the costumes.

Among them went a Crusader, his visor down in lieu of mask, through the bars of which his eyes searched eagerly, resting only on the lady maskers.

"Whatever be her disguise, I shall know her," he murmured, "if she be here."

Was she there? Over an hour had elapsed, and he was certain he had not missed her. Was Selby's statement a mistake after all? Oh, if it only were!

Then his heart leaped to his throat: the blood rushed to his brain. The world seemed heaving under his feet, whirling before his eyes. At the other side of the quickset hedge by which he stood had sounded a laugh he knew to be Kate Vandeleur's. He was not mistaken. He should have known it among a thousand.

As he stood, too overcome to at once decide what to do, there followed these words, spoken by a man:

"I told you, Mrs. Gower, I'd find you out, whatever disguise you wore."

"Pray, not so loud," put in Kate Vandeleur's voice. "If you are so keen, there is no need to inform others. Hush! here comes Cyril?"

Could he doubt longer? Not a moment. Should he go? He formed no part of this brilliant scene. Let him fly from it with his burden of sorrow. No. He could not leave without seeing her once. He must. False, unfaithful; yet, how he had loved her!

Rapidly he moved along the hedge to an opening by which he might gain the other side. As he approached a lady came through it, leaning on a mask's arm.

Austin knew her instantly. He had no need to draw near enough to hear her voice—her laughter, yet he did. What did he intend to do? He did not know.

Reaching one of the little tables placed, with seats, near the refreshment tent, under lamps suspended on the trees, the mask left his companion while he went into the tent.

Sitting down, Kate drew off her gloves, then, after a glance round, removed her mask for a second, as though she found it hot.

The Crusader had no doubt now. The same sweet countenance he had held fairer than all women; fair of face, false of heart.

Replacing the mask, she leaned back, her hand resting lightly on the table.

Austin approached behind her, the velvety grass deadening his steps. Was he going to address her? Even then he did not know, when his eyes rested on the slender white hands, a model for a sculptor. There was ample proof of her infidelity there, even had he needed confirmation; on the third finger was a plain gold ring, secured by a second thicker one. Austin paused, then made a step forward; but just at the moment the mask came back with an ice.

"I'm sorry to have been so long, but there is such an awful crush there, Mrs. Gower——"

"What again!" broke in Kate. "It is unparliamentary to mention names."

"Upon my word, I apologize a thousand times."

Austin waited no more. Turning, he quitted the grounds and the house.

When Lieutenant Selby, at a late hour, and very much elated by his success, entered his rooms, he found a note on the table from his friend. It contained but these words:

"You were right. I leave Depotown at once. Farewell."

"Confound him!" ejaculated the Lieutenant. "Why couldn't he have stopped until morning?"

It was, indeed, very near morning before Austin Poynes departed. He had waited about Mrs. Poundext's house until the guests were leaving, to see Kate.

As she tripped, smiling, to the carriage, no mask now concealing her beauty, a man, stepped forward, thrust a paper into her hand.

Surprised, she raised her eyes, then uttered a little cry, but the donor had hurried off.

"What is the matter, Kate?" asked the lady following her.

"Nothing," was the reply, as the speaker entered the carriage, where, unfolding the paper, she read it by the light of the lamps.

"I know all. You are faithless. You could not, then, remain true for one little year. Farewell for ever!"

The girl gave one quick draw of the breath, then drooped back into the corner of the carriage insensible.

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Two years are gone since the mask ball at Depotown. For those two years Austin Poynes has been a wanderer over the face of the earth. At the end of that period he found himself in a little German town, a fashionable resort of tourists, with a young

cousin, Leonard Deane, for whom he had much affection.

One afternoon the two sat at the window of their hotel, smoking and talking.

"When will you tire of all this kind of thing, Len?" asked Austin.

"You should tire first, Austin," was the rejoinder, accompanied by a smile. "You go nowhere; you see none of the fun. Off you are to the woods alone. If you mean am I ready to leave just yet, well," coloring, and looking out of the window, "not quite; I couldn't go yet."

"Speak out, Len, you have a reason. What is it?"

"Well, I'm awfully mashed by a girl I've seen here," laughing nervously, "and——"

"You can't go, of course, until you know your fate," concluded Austin, with contemptuous scorn. "I'll tell it you. If you are better off than she, she will accept you, without she has the chance of a better offer, then she will refuse."

"Confound it, Austin, what a cynical woman-hater you are," cried the other, starting up. "I think I'd risk being jilted by a dozen girls rather than possess your feelings."

"My dear fellow, you don't know women; they deceive you when you are most sure of them. All I say, be warned, test them before you trust them."

"Pshaw! Egad, there she is, and alone. I'm off." And seizing his hat, he quitted the room.

"Poor fellow. Well, I suppose it's our fate to learn by experience, or be deceived to our ruin."

For awhile he fell into thought, then, going out, strolled into the woods, the solitude of which so attracted him. He had not penetrated them fifty paces before voices fell on his ear. Turning, glancing through the trees in the direction, he beheld, in a small dell, Leonard Deane and a lady, the sight of whom caused him to start and the blood to rush to his face. She stood like one either distressed, or much moved, her head bent, while it was evident her companion was earnestly pleading his cause.

An instant, Austin Poynes remained spellbound; then—was he quite conscious of what he was doing?—strode swiftly down, and suddenly standing between them, placing his hand on his cousin's shoulder, said, sternly—

"No; I forbid the banns."

"Austin Poynes!" ejaculated the lady, recoiling in amaze.

"Austin," cried Leonard Deane, frowning. "What right have you to be here?"

"The right my affection for you gives me. For your happiness, I interfere. This woman shall not break your heart, as two years ago she broke mine."

"Austin!" exclaimed Kate, "are you mad?"

"Strangely enough, considering what I have suffered—no," he answered. Then to his cousin, gently: "Len, my poor boy, I tell you are deceived. Has this lady informed you she is, or at least has been married? To-day, a little while ago, you seemed to speak of her as single."

"And so she is, Austin. Have you indeed lost your reason? This lady is——"

"Mrs. Cyril Gower. Yes, married. See, her finger does not deny it," he said, with a mocking smile, indicating Kate's ungloved hand.

Perplexed, evidently astonished, she glanced down at her finger. Then, scorn on her lip, turned the plain piece of gold, bringing forward three gems, an emerald between two diamonds.

Austin Poynes gave a great gasp, and looked into the beautiful eyes regarding him so coldly with such contempt.

It was the engagement ring he himself had placed on her finger. Then he spoke:

"Len, leave us. For Heaven's mercy, go. This is no place for you. As a gentleman, go!"

Without a word, only glancing at the two, and beginning a little to understand, he obeyed. There was a pause. After, his voice low and husky, Austin said:

"What does all this mean?"

She answered, coldly:

"It seems degrading to explain, but in remembrance of the old times, I will. When we were separated we parted with a smile, but with me it hid bitter tears. For long I was ill, when I left my sick bed I was so thin that the ring which had fitted me once, was too large. Fearing to lose it, I procured a guard. I guarded it though I could not your love. But still it is loose, see, and the weight of the gems draw them beneath. Are you satisfied?" she said, scornfully.

"With that," he answered; "but there is more. And yet, if still you wear that ring, how could it be? Kate, two years ago I followed you to Depotown."

"I saw you," she put in, icily.

"Wait, wait!" he cried, "listen. If fault there has been it it not all mine. Still, I cannot make it clear. Let me proceed. I followed you; I arrived at evening. I had a friend there, from him I learned that you were married, married to Cyril Gower."

"I? Who was this friend? I demand to know!"

"A moment. He did not know you until I mentioned your name, then he said that he had seen your marriage in the papers, Kathrine Vandeleur."

"Kathrine!" exclaimed the girl. "My name is Kate."

"Kate—that is but the abbreviation. Your mother's name was Kathrine—Kathrine Vandeleur, of Queen's County."

"That may be, but I was christened Kate, Kathrine Vandeleur, of Queen's County, is my cousin, and married from Wynnstation."

Speechless, he stared at her, and on his features she read the misery, the agony at his heart. But for two years his mistrust had made her suffer pain almost unbearable. She could not readily forgive or forget, and now in silence moved from him.

Hungrily he gazed after, without daring to stay her departure. He watched until she disappeared, then cast himself down, in his wretchedness praying for death.

It was dark before he returned to the hotel, where he wrote a full account to Kate Vandeleur of the mask ball, telling how the hearing her answer to the name of Mrs. Cyril Gower, how the mistaking the ring on her finger, had confirmed what he had heard.

"I dare not ask you to forgive," he wrote, "I do not expect it. But—was all the blame mine?"

Despatching this, he waited Leonard Deane's return to explain to him. The idea that Kate had favored his cousin's love never occurred to his mind. He know she had not—that she had been true.

He was sitting, his head on his hand, when a note was brought him. Eagerly he opened it, recognizing Kate Vandeleur's writing.

"It appears," she wrote, "that I have been unjust to you, even as you were unjust to me, through an almost unhappy succession of events. Let me explain the occurrence at the ball. The mask with whom you saw me had laid a wager with my cousin that, whatever her disguise, he would at once recognize her. Instead, he mistook me for Kathrine, and out of fun, to witness his confusion at midnight, when masks were to be removed, I fostered the mistake. Heaven help me! I never guessed, when I answered to my cousin's name, you were listening. You ask forgiveness. Have we not both been the victim of circumstances, neither being morally to blame?"

Austin looked long at the letter. Then seizing his hat, started for the Gowers' hotel.

When he returned he found Leonard Deane waiting.

"The waiter tells me you leave to-morrow, Austin."

"Then he's wrong, Len. When Kate Vandeleur leaves, then shall I. Len, my poor boy, I pray your love for her was not very deep, for she has promised to be my wife, and I'm the happiest man under the sun."

THE RUINS OF POMPEII.—From viewing the marvellous works of art that adorned the buried city we passed to the entresol and upper story to see the household utensils, the earthen dishes, the drinking vessels, the loaves of bread, and other remnants of charred food and clothing that were discovered among the ruins. These, I think, give the visitor a more vivid impression of the terrific calamity that overtook Pompeii than even a visit to the city itself. Here are the bottles of oil, the pans filled with meat, the bread taken from the oven, the remains of fish, dates, nuts, eggs, and all other articles of food that supplied the table of a Roman family. They lived well, these Pompeians, fulfilling to the letter the Scriptural adage "Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow ye die." They were merry to the last moment. Then the thunder pealed, the mountain shook, the ashen rain fell, and the burning flood poured around them. On our way from the Museo Madox I stopped for a moment at a little atelier of painting in the Neapolitan Park. A picture there shows two human figures prone upon their faces, the air gray with the falling ashes, and the sky lurid with lightning. It was called "The Destruction of Pompeii." With a shudder we passed out into the sunshine, and looked toward the terrible mountain to our right, sending its thick cloud of smoke into the azure air; we stopped to wonder what work of horror it may yet accomplish in the future to add to the awful record of its past.

NELL: "Poor Maude is nearly distracted over her husband's death."

Belle: "I never knew she was particularly devoted to him."

Nell: "It isn't that so much as the fact that she doesn't look well in black."

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A prize of $5000 is offered by Count Orloff Davidoff for the discovery of a remedy "perfectly certain to cure or protect horned beasts against the ravages of the cattle plague." The award of the prize is in the hands of the curator of the Imperial Institute of Experimental Medicine of St. Petersburg, and the competition is open to the whole word.

A builder, while erecting a structure in Terre Haute, Indiana, advertised for 20 workmen to shovel dirt. Nearly 1000 men applied for the labor. In order not to show any preference, he placed the laborers in a line and at a given signal they all rushed for the shovels. After a severe struggle, the 20 spades were secured by a like number of men, who were promptly engaged.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, says there is scarcely a single subject taught nowadays in the same way it was taught 30 years ago, and that even law, the most conservative of studies, is now treated in an entirely different method from that which prevailed in former years. That method, he adds, is being adopted all over the country, and is making its way into the English universities. Then, too, the teaching of the sciences and languages has been greatly changed.

Suicide statistics, covering a period of 25 years in New York, offer some interesting deductions. They show, among other things, that the Irish and the negroes are not given to self-destruction. The Germans show a much larger percentage of suicides than either of the races above mentioned. The prevailing idea that the hot months are more fruitful of suicides than other portions of the year is not borne out by figures. In certain years during the last quarter of the century the coldest month has been the most productive of self-destruction.

The recent hurricane which swept the Atlantic coast was the means of restoring by shipwreck a long lost sailor to his family. The sailor, Jacob Wood, of Morristown, N. J., sailed away for the South Pacific 23 years ago, leaving behind him his wife and three children. He was not heard from again, although news came after many months of the wreck of his vessel among the South Sea islands. During the recent storm the bark Emma, of which he was commander, was wrecked and washed ashore near South Amboy. He was rescued and cared for near his own home, and when it was learned that his name was Jacob Wood he was recognized, and one of his sons, the only survivor of his family took charge of him.

Dr. Lincoln, a London physician, gives these rules to be observed in the care of the eyes for school work: A comfortable temperature, and the feet warm and dry. Good ventilation. Clothing at the neck loose, the same as regards the rest of the body. Posture erect, never lying down or stooping. Little study before breakfast, or directly after a hearty meal; none at all at twilight or late at night. Great caution about study after recovery from fevers. Light abundant, but not dazzling. Sun not shining on desk, or on objects in front of the scholar. Light coming from the left hand, or left rear; under some circumstances from in front. The book held at right angles to the line of sight, or nearly so. Frequently rest by looking up. Distance of book from the eye, about fifteen inches.

Hyphens, when used in this country in connection with the family name, may, in the majority of cases, be regarded in the light of a harmless, but somewhat ridiculous piece of conceit. In most instances they are adopted for the sole purpose of endowing commonplace Anglo-Saxon patronymics with a glamor of gentility and aristocracy—just in the same way that so many people bearing Dutch or German sounding names coolly assume, without any right the prefixes of "van" or "von," and those possessing French, Italian or Spanish names prefix thereto either a "de" or "di." The assumption of the hyphen is only justified when the bequest of landed estates or personal property is made conditional on the legatee's adoption of the name of the testator in addition to his own, the two patronymics being in that event connected by the hyphen.

A New York paper says that the Massachusetts Penitentiary contains a remarkable character in the person of a young forger. This prisoner has not only refused a pardon, asserting that Justice demanded that he should serve out his sentence, but during his imprisonment he has earned several thousand dollars by working overtime, all of which has been handed over to the victims of his crime. The case is one of psychological interest. It would be instructive to learn what the motives and influence were that led a man possessed apparently of such a keen sense of moral responsibility to commit so grave an offense as that to which he confesses. The incident shows anew that there is sometimes a large residuum of good in those who are often regarded as the foes of society, and is a fresh argument in behalf of a system of prison discipline that will tend to re-establish self-respect and self-restraint.

HE COULD WAIT.—A boy was sitting lazily in the stern of a boat dangling his feet in the water when a man from the dock quay called sharply to him.

"What are you doing there?" he said.

"Nothin'," responded the boy.

"Do you get any pay for it?"

"No;" and he drew one foot out of the water, ready to run if necessary.

"Why don't you go to work?"

"Will you give me a job?"

"Yes."

"Steady?"

"Yes."

"Pay anything?"

"Well, no," hesitated the man "not the first week."

"How about the second?"

"Then I will."

"All right; I'll come round the second week. This is good enough for me now;" and the boy put his foot back into the water and winked at the man on the quay.

CITY MAN (to hunter): "Lije, you've heard a great many tough hunting stories. Which do you think is the toughest yarn you ever heard?" Lije: "I don't remember of hearin' no such tough yarn as you speak of. Tell you what really did happen down here, though, 'bout a year ago. A man shot a bear in the head, and just the minute the bear felt the ball he turned right round. He turned so quick that the ball hit the man and killed him after passing through the bear!"

"I AM sensible of the honor you do me, Mr. Spoonamore, in the proposal of marriage you have just made," said the young woman, with a slight curl of her lip; "but circumstances over which I have no control will compel me to decline the honor." "What are those circumstances, Miss Grimshaw?" fiercely demanded the young man. "Your circumstances, Mr. Spoonamore."

PAPER.—Umbrellas made of paper is a French idea. By treating the paper with gelatined chromate of potassium it is rendered waterproof.

PATENTS

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Our Young Folks.

LISA'S FEAST.

BY J. D. K.

"I WONDER what sort of taste they all have?" fell in a longing, also dreary, tone. "They must be just too delicious.'

Once more Lisa flattened her nose against the large plate-glass window in front of the fancy baker's shop.

How wistfully the small peasant-girl gazed at the cakes of various kinds piled high and invitingly on all sides.

To tell the whole truth, she was terribly hungry. If she could only march boldly in, as other folk were doing every minute, and buy some of that "fancy bread"! she thought—for somehow it seemed to tempt her more than all the rest of the dainties put together. Already, however, that portion of the window-pane immediately opposite had become hazy, as the result of her breathing upon it; the pleasant sight before her had got quite indistinct.

The shop within was crowded at that late hour in the afternoon with fashionably dressed people. The German child's dark eyes flashed angrily; then again came that pining hungry look upon her face.

"They all buy what they want," she mused bitterly, "and others—we at home, I mean—have nothing: I wonder why?"

The snow was already falling heavily, and just enough lay upon the ground all around to make everything picture-like—picture-like, at any rate, in the eyes of those who were not half starved for want of needful food.

"Stand on one side, child, can't you?" fell at that moment harshly.

Lisa started upon being thus addressed, then glanced up quickly.

"It's lazy trifling children like yourself that serve to block the doorway at this hour," added the speaker impatiently. He had just quitted the scene within, and both arms were pretty well laden with several inviting-looking paper bags, each filled to the brim. "You don't like work, I expect," came shortly.

There was good stuff, as people call it, in the hungry listener. Poor as she was, she decided—tolerably quickly, too—that she wouldn't be spoken to like this.

"You're wrong, then," came quaintly, in a queer old-fashioned sort of way. "I am not lazy one bit; and I like work. What's more, too, I've plenty of it already—rather more, in fact, than I can exactly manage."

"A parcel of nonsense!" and he laughed grimly, at the same moment dropping one of his paper bags on the broad pavement. "You're a wonderful child, doubtless—judging, at any rate, from your own account."

Already he had stooped down to pick up the paper bag, upon which the confectioner's name was printed in large black letters.

"Of course!—all wet with the snow!" he exclaimed, in a tone of apparent disgust. "I might have guessed that just without troubling to half break my back. No use at all!" and down went the confectioner's bag once more upon the snow-covered pavement.

Evidently the purchaser could well afford to put up with his small loss. Quickly crossing the road, he was now soon out of sight.

And then the peasant-girl suddenly started, and clasped her small thin hands one within the other. So great, in fact, was her present excitment that it seemed as if she could scarcely remain quiet.

A bright joyous light gleamed all at once from those dark eyes.

"Of course," she whispered softly, almost tenderly. "Of course. Take it up, Lisa—and at once. If one won't, another will—as I've heard mother say often enough."

The various members of the crowd passing busily to and fro did not even notice the half starving child. Apparently, they had little thought for anyone but themselves and their own doings. They paid no heed to her either as stooping down an instant, she caught up her treasure hastily, and turned the end of her old faded shawl snugly over it.

"There! It's safe now, at any rate," she mused. "No snow will certainly reach it tucked away comfy like that."

Already the little German peasant had hastened onwards. "Homeward! Homeward!" Such was her one constant thought. In her present excitement she had forgotten everything else, it seemed.

"I always had a sort of fancy," she thought hurriedly, "for standing near that confectioner's door. Even a whiff of all those cakes and delicious-looking tarts within served sometimes to take away my hunger. But such a slice of good fortune as this!—why, who could have expected it?"

Turning up a dark narrow alley, she entered a shabby doorway, and ran breathlessly upstairs.

"Mother!" she exclaimed faintly, rushing into a small top room on her left. "See. Look what I have for you! Are you not glad?"

Then throwing her prized possession upon "mother's" bed, Lisa buried her face in both hands and cried softly—she could not help it; she was at that moment so very glad, and her heart seemed quite full.

Here was food for the constantly ailing mother; food also for five small brothers and sisters, all younger than herself. True, it would prove only a "taste." Still, however, to hungry children that very "taste" would be all the more a treat.

"Oh! what lovely cakes!" fell, as if in chorus. And then mother questioned, a little earnestly, "You did not beg for these, I hope, child? Surely—surely you would not do that?"

Lisa shook her head decidedly. "No, mother dear—certainly not."

And then all listened to Lisa's simple tale.

Rob's was the only voice that interrupted. "What a capital thing," he broke in, his mouth meanwhile quite full, "that it was snowing so fast!"

"Heaven's gift, we'll call it, then," said mother, laying her hand tenderly upon Lisa's head. "'Tis only since father's death that matters have come to this. The days were brighter then."

Ah! those delicious currant cakes! Even the mother was enjoying one, for they had, of course, insisted upon her taking part in the feast.

Only Lisa herself had not tasted a morsel, declaring stoutly that she was not in the least hungry. Gentle hearted, unselfish little Lisa!

And then, all at once, Rob sprang to his feet, threw back his shaggy head, coughed terribly, and seemed as if he were choking.

Lisa tried several hard thumps upon his back; but the more she thumped the more he coughed; and then, all at once, everyone gave a loud scream.

"Pick it up!" shouted first one voice, then another; whilst Lisa herself dived in cleverly amidst the scramblers and took quick possession of—something.

It was the most astonishing event that had ever happened—thus, at least, thought Lisa.

* * * * * *

Again the fashionable confectioner's shop is thronged with customers. Again the scantily clothed child who watched there the day before stands near the open doorway. It pleases her to linger there a little while. She likes to think that that which now lies securely hidden away within the palm of her small hand is for a few moments longer in her own possession.

She must fulfil her part, however; this sort of thing won't do. So in she goes.

"Nothing for you," says someone behind the counter, evidently taking her for a beggar. Lisa looked up wistfully, and then again took refuge in the open street.

"Stupid!" she thought. "If I had been a thief I couldn't have acted worse. I'm ashamed of you, Lisa!"

Again in she went.

"We don't want beggars here," said the master of the establishment.

Already Lisa had forgotten every sense of fear. Without more ado, and now angrily, she flung direct in his astonished face that which she had been treasuring in her hand.

"It's yours," she cried, "a whole golden twenty mark piece! (about five dollars) Take it, for I have no right to keep it."

"A twenty mark piece!" he exclaimed, "and from you!"

"Yes," came stoutly. "It was in one of the cakes that someone bought here yesterday. I don't even know his name; but then there's the bag with your own queer name printed upon it; and the money nearly choked Rob. It would have been all your own fault, too, if he had died."

"Why, I remember now, we missed that amount; and——"

"And it got mixed up with the cakes, then, when being made," interrupted Lisa solemnly. "Mother said no blessing would come with it if we kept it."

"Take it, my girl. It will, it may be, bring one now, for I give it you."

"And I double the amount," broke in the voice of a customer. "Bravo, you are an honest little girl!"

Was Lisa in a dream? she wondered.

"I declare if I shouldn't just like to swallow a golden coin every evening, if that's to be the end of it!" as Rob remarked later on, very earnestly.

THE GOOSE AND THE DONKEY.

BY E. R. C.

A GOOSE and a donkey who lived on a common once went walking together, and talked in a genteel manner of the weather.

When this subject was exhausted, Neddy was some time puzzling his brains for another, but at last he began, with a deep sigh—

"Dear Madam Goose, why is it that people say such ridiculous and untrue things about me? They declare that I am stupid, and obstinate, and ill-tempered; that I eat thistles—which are simply delicious—merely because I am an ass; and any boy who is not so clever as his school-fellows they call a donkey."

"It is very unjust," said the goose sympathetically; "and only think, dear Mr. Neddy, how those human creatures treat me. Goose! Why, the very name excites a laugh, and to call anyone a goose is—well, very much the same as calling him a donkey, if you will excuse my saying so."

"It is too bad!" cried Neddy, flapping his long ears. "Why, I am not at all stupid!"

"Nor I, I assure you," put in the goose hastily.

"In fact," cried the other warmly, "I flatter myself I have a very quick wit."

"So have I," asserted his companion energetically. "My ancestors saved the Capitol."

The donkey was not going to betray his ignorance by asking what the Capitol was; he fancied it might be something to eat.

"My race is exceedingly intelligent," he cried, with growing excitement. "It is related in history that King Midas received a pair of asses' ears as a reward of merit; and there used to be a 'Feast of Asses' held in France in former days. What they feasted on I never heard, but it just shows what people thought of us in the good old times."

The goose did not intend to be left behind.

"An ancestress of mine laid golden eggs," she exclaimed proudly: "eggs made of solid gold, think of that! She lost her life on account of it, and that makes her a heroine, you see. It is something to have a heroine in the family!"

The donkey did not see, but he stalked along as if the whole common belonged to him, while his companion tried to put as much stateliness into her waddle as she could while keeping up with an acquaintance possessed of just double her number of legs.

The two felt thoroughly well satisfied with themselves, and certain that they were among the most gifted of creatures.

They began at last to talk such nonsense that an old blackbird sitting on a tree-stump burst into a loud laugh.

The donkey and his friend stopped short and the former asked in an offended tone what was the matter.

"I was laughing at you two," observed the blackbird, with the utmost frankness; "you are so exceedingly foolish!"

"What do you mean by that, sir?" inquired Neddy, endeavoring to look fierce, but not succeeding very well.

"It's just this," continued the blackbird calmly: "it doesn't make the slightest difference what you two think of your precious selves. In the eyes of the world you will remain just what you have always been—nothing more nor less than a Goose and a Donkey!"

HIS WAS ON HAND.—Lord Beaconsfield was walking one day on the terrace of Hughenden Manor in the easy coat and old slouch hat which he affected in the country, when two ladies of a certain age and of most pronounced Gladstonian opinion entered the gate. Supposing him to be a keeper or gardener or something of the sort, they inquired if he would show them over the place, which he at once undertook to do. While they were walking about, they overwhelmed him with questions as to the habits of his master, and one of them finally said, "Do you think you could manage to get us a sight of the old beast himself?" "Madam," said Lord Beaconsfield, "the old beast has the honor to wait upon you now." The ladies fled.

THE WORLD'S HAPPENINGS.

The city of Bankok is largely on the water

In each respiration an adult inhales one pint of air.

A crocodile takes 80 seconds to turn completely round.

Two hundred women practise dentistry in the United States.

A needle passes through 80 operations before it is perfectly made.

The Duchess of Fife, it is said, has a fancy for going about incognito

About 50 different kinds of woods are used in the United States in building cars.

A writer states that every gem known to the lapidary has been found in the United States.

Storage battery street cars are successfully running in Paris. The cars are double deckers.

It has been stated that Great Britain has as many as 100,000 absolutely homeless wanderers.

Raywick, Ky., boasts of one lamb that has only two legs, and of nine others born with red wool.

The head of the rattlesnake has been known to inflict a fatal wound after being severed from the body.

America possesses 2,800,000 bee-hives; Germany, 1,910,000; Spain and Portugal, 1,600,000, and Austria, 1,550,000

In a year the food eaten by a horse is nine times his weight; that of a cow, nine times; that of an ox, six times.

The courts of the State of Maine have decided that it is illegal for a farmer to pay his taxes with a promissory note.

Los Angeles, Cal., has completed a sewer which carries its sewage 16 miles and empties it into the Pacific Ocean.

The first hat makers, it is said, who plied their trade in England were Spaniards, who came to that country in 1510

A youth popularly known as Baby Bliss, of Bloomington, Ill., weighs 453 pounds, wears a 19½ collar, a 7½ hat, and a No. 12 shoe.

John Tyler, of Knapp, Wis., was recently sentenced to jail for 3 days for wearing a G. A. R. button without having the right to do so.

A London hatter who has been observant says that men's heads grow appreciably up to the time that their owners are 65 years old.

The only city in the world on the line of the equator is Quito, and there the sun rises and sets at the same hour all the year round—6 o'clock

The steam-engines of the world represent the work of 1,000,000,000 men, or in all more than double the entire working population of the earth.

It is reported that two New York Congressmen—Cockran and Payne—have the largest hands in the House of Representatives. They are both said to wear a No. 8 hat.

Policemen in uniform and the public generally are permitted to use the telephone pay stations in New York city, free of charge, to call an ambulance or a physician in case of an emergency.

Great preparations are being made in Tokio and elsewhere for the silver-wedding celebration of the Emperor and Empress, who are understood to have themselves laid out to spend about $800,000 on it.

An artificial worm, made of india-rubber, is the latest device to aid fishermen in hooking the denizens of the deep. It is very durable, can be used for many months, and the fish are readily deceived by it.

She: "Why don't you marry? Aren't you old enough?" He: "Oh, yes." She "Or rich enough?" He: "I think so." She "Well, then?" He: "I am not foolish enough." She: "Oh, my! How foolish do you want to be?"

A national collection of figureheads of old ships of war is to be made by the British Admiralty. Figureheads will be taken from all old ships sold out of service in future, and efforts made to reclaim all such relics from junk shops and scrap piles.

A fraud was discovered during a recent auction sale at the Hotel Drout in Paris. A cup, purported to be the ornamental china cup out of which Napoleon drank his last drink at St. Helena, was found, by an examination of the manufacturer's mark, to have been made in 1850.

A remarkable old man is Edwin Urian, of Darby, Pa., who is in his 83d year. He claims that he never smoked or chewed, never owned a dog, watch or gun, or attended a theatre or circus. He also says that he was never more than 30 miles away from home but once in his life.

Mr. Nicefellow, to adored one's little brother: "There! You did that errand very nicely. Here's a penny for you." Little brother: "Oh, ma! Mr. Nicefellow gave me a penny. Mr. Nicefellow, my dear, you should not——" Little brother: "Yes, I know, I should say 'thank you,' but I was so s'prised I forgot. You said he hadn't a cent."

NIGHTFALL.

BY W. W. L.

The sun is sinking soft to rest,
Behind the rugged mountain's crest;
The stream flows softly o'er the lea,
And silent now is hum of bee;
From out the horizon dim and far,
Comes quietly the evening star.

The fleecy clouds in dreamy sky
Like stately ships go gliding by;
And in the west the gleam of gold
Hath faded in the shadow's fold;
As down the meadow-path I go
To meet my love where roses blow.

ABOUT BANK-NOTES.

In the British Museum there is a very old and very rare Chinese Bank-note. It was issued in the reign of Hung-woo, the founder of the Ning dynasty, who died in 1398. The face-value of the note is about a dollar; but it is one of the only issue of paper currency ever guaranteed by the Chinese Government.

Only another similar note is said to be in existence, being in possession of the Oriental Society of St. Petersburg. Its value to native bankers and note-collectors all over China is well known. The late Governor of Hong-kong, Sir John Pope Hennessy, bought the note about twelve years ago at an auction of the effects of a deceased Captain of one of the Chinese Customs cruisers, who had amassed a large collection of Chinese coins and notes, amongst which was this Ning bank-note.

The Captain had acquired it for a very considerable sum from the successors of a continental banker, who had been a collector of rare Chinese coins and bank-notes. Sir John was in the habit of leaving it for safe-keeping in custody of the authorities of the British Museum.

The note is said to answer the description of the paper which, according to Marco Polo, the great Khan, six hundred years ago, caused "to pass for money all over his country. What they take is a fine white bast, or skin, which lies between the wood of the trees and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper, but black."

Bank-notes were issued in China as early as the ninth century, when the art of printing was unknown in Europe. These notes have generally been redeemed, because in China, when a bank fails, all the clerks and managers have their heads chopped off and thrown in a heap along with the books of the firm. And so it has happened in these good old barbarous times that for the past five hundred years not a single Chinese bank has suspended payment. Now that China is coming under the sway of Western civilization, we have no doubt it will have the same financial troubles as its more civilized banking brethren.

Bank-notes have an individuality which gold lacks, and being easily identified when "ear-marked," serve often as links in criminal detection. This was illustrated a few years ago during what was known as the "turf frauds." The complicity of several detectives in that elabotate conspiracy was discovery through a bank-note of a large denomination being presented for payment. Because of a theft of notes of a certain bank, all the notes of that denomination had been recalled from circulation, with the view of isolating the stolen notes that were outstanding.

One day, a note of this description was cashed to a respectable person at a branch of the bank that had issued the notes. The banker at once informed a police official of the transaction, and said it had the name of a leading detective officer on the back of the note. The police official obtained the name, and wrote up forthwith to the metropolitan authorities on the subject.

No reply came. At the end of some days, business called him to London, and he asked the chief of the department to which he had written if his letter had been received. "What letter?" was asked. None had reached him, as it had been destroyed, to avert suspicion. A duplicate of it was at once wired for; a clue was established to the crime; and in the end a gigantic conspiracy of detectives and criminals was unravelled and exposed.

Bank-notes have curious histories attached to them in the way of human comedy, tragedy and melodrama. A collector at Paris of such curiosities got hold, some years ago, of a five-pound Bank of England note which had somewhat of a tragic interest connected with it. Some sixty odd years ago the cashier of a Liverpool merchant had received in tender for a business payment a Bank of England note which he held up to the scrutiny of the light, so as to make sure of its genuineness. He observed some partially indistinct red marks of words traced out on the front of the note beside the lettering and on the margin. Curiosity tempted him to try to decipher the words so inscribed. With great difficulty, so faintly written were they and so much obliterated, the words were found to form the following sentence:

"If this note should fall into the hands of John Dean, of Longhill, near Carlisle, he will learn hereby that his brother is languishing a prisoner in Algiers."

Mr. Dean, on being shown the note, lost no time in asking the Government of the day to make intercession for his brother's freedom. It appeared that for eleven long years the latter had been a slave to the Dey of Algiers, and that his family and relatives believed him to be dead. With a piece of wood he had traced in his own blood on the bank-note the message which was to procure his release. The Government aided the efforts of his brother to set him free, this being accomplished on payment of a ransom to the Dey. Unfortunately, the captive did not long enjoy his liberty, his bodily sufferings while working as a slave in Algiers having undermined his constitution.

Bank-notes have not now so long an existence as formerly. Unlike in America, when Bank of England notes reenter the portals of the Bank of England, they never return into circulation, it not being the practice of the Bank of England to issue them a second time. If notes are stopped payment at the Bank of England, it must be done under a guarantee, which usually takes the form of an assignment of Government stock in security to the Bank of England, and is of the value of the notes stopped.

Grains of Gold.

If you will not trade with Satan, keep out of his shop.

Sow good services; sweet remembrances will grow from them.

In the truly great, virtue governs with the sceptre of knowledge.

Be your character what it will, it will be known; and nobody will take it upon your word.

The sympathy of most people consists of a mixture of good humor, curiosity and self-importance.

Misfortune, when we regard it with the eye, is smaller than when entertained by the imagination.

The aim of all intellectual training for the mass of the people should be to cultivate common sense.

Politeness is the most efficient aid in the world to strengthen a good name or to supply the want of one.

When we advance a little into life, we find that the tongue of man creates nearly all the mischief in the world.

Every man feels himself stronger in his relations with others if he is surrounded with consideration, esteem, respect.

To doubt is a misfortune, but to seek when in doubt is an indispensable duty. So he who doubts and seeks not is at once unfortunate and unfair.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours, and ask them what report they bore to heaven, and how they might have borne more welcome news.

Even the wisdom of God hath not suggested more pressing motives, more powerful incentives to charity than these, that we shall be judged by it at the last dreadful day.

Femininities.

Ostrich plumes are said by an authority to be plucked once in eight months.

The angler is so absorbed in his hobby that he generally fishes with baited breath.

Female bootblacks are reported to be multiplying in Paris and other French cities.

When one woman praises another, everybody declares that she doesn't mean it.

Uncle "Dave" Brewer, of Lebanon, Oregon, is 84 years old, and has living with him his 99-year-old mother-in-law.

If two men who are mortal enemies meet in society, they ignore each other; if two female enemies meet, they kiss each other.

He: "My dear, the bank in which my money is deposited has broken."
She: "What a mercy you've got your check-book at home, love!"

A correspondent, writing from Florence, says that the titled ladies there have taken most violently to bicycling since the advent of fine weather.

Mr. and Mrs. Lawton A. Sherman, of Exeter, R. I., recently celebrated the seventy-eighth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Sherman is 99 years old, and his wife is 96.

Clara, thinking to make Ethel envious: "You can't imagine how delightfully Charlie makes love." Ethel: "Oh, yes, I can. He used to try it with me till I snubbed him."

The Brooklyn Elevated Railway companies have substituted women for men as ticket agents at nearly all the stations on their roads; and the example, it is said, will be followed in New York.

Paterfamilias: "Have you any prospect of being able to properly support my daughter?" Youthful Suitor: "Oh, yes. In fact, I might say that everything in that respect is purely prospective."

The Birmingham, Ala., Colonization Company has 500 negroes booked for deportation to Africa. The company estimates that the deportation of the whole race from this country would cost $225,000,000.

The King of Portugal is said recently to have applied for $1,000,000 life insurance. It is understood that John Wanamaker is the most heavily insured man in this country. The amount he carries is stated at $1,700,000.

It is said that the ear is the most useful organ for the identification of criminals. No matter how much the criminal distorts his features when placed before the camera, the ear remains an organ possible for identification.

The young ladies of a country seminary are puzzled over the exact meaning of the following inscription recently discovered on the wall of the building: "Yoong ladies should set good examples, for young men will follow them."

The neglect of a habit of accuracy seriously limits a man's personal influence, and also his personal enjoyment. Every community contains members whose statements must be discounted at half their value, and then taken at a risk.

Harry Lee, who applied at a police station in Galesburg, Ill., the other day, for food and shelter, claims to be a brother of General Robert E. Lee, of Virginia. He had pictures of the Lee family and letters that appeared to support his statement.

Women who have their diamond necklaces set in gold will, if they wish to be in the fashion, have them reset in platinum. This, it is claimed, brings out the stones at their best. It is also very suggestive of the old-fashioned setting of diamonds in silver.

"Mr. M'Clintock," shouted his better half, "I want you to take your feet off the parlor table." "Mrs. M'Clintock," he said, in a fixed, determined voice, "I allow only one person to talk to me that way." "And who is that?" she demanded. "You, my dear," he replied, softly, as he removed his pedes.

He, reading paper: "Here's a note about an accident at White's house. The servant put some gunpowder in the fire and she was blown through the roof." She, sympathetically: "Poor Mrs. White has so much trouble with her girls! They are always leaving her without giving notice."

Dagget: "This comb has a history. It is an heirloom in our family. My grandfather found it on the floor of the Emperor Napoleon's barouche after Waterloo." Catting: "Jove! how interesting! I suppose you would hate to part with it?" Dagget: "Not at all. I am very prosaic about such things. I part with it every day."

Black makes a woman look slender; it is the thinnest color a fat woman can wear. It also makes a person look old. It is the worst color an aging woman can wear. When a kindly disposed employment agent is anxious to place a young nurse girl in a responsible position she always tells her to get a black dress, knowing that it will make 16 appear 26.

Mrs. Dumpsey: "For shame, Willie! You've been fighting again. Your clothes are torn and your face is scratched. Dear me, what a trial you are! I wish you were a girl—girls don't fight." Willie Dumpsey: "Yes; but ma, don't you think it's better to have a good, square fight and get all the mad out of you than to carry it around, the way the girls do, for months?"

Masculinities.

Wesley Free, of Pawling, Pa., who is 46 years old, is cutting a third set of teeth.

Dr. Asa Routh, of Piney Flats, Tennessee, is the father of 29 children, all but four of whom are living.

Recent discoveries show that the early Egyptians played base ball, and that the women were experts at the game.

There is a man in Liberal, Mo., who refused to take 2000 silver dollars in payment of a note. He is still whistling for his money.

It is said that the Duchess of York learnt the typewriter some years ago in order to assist her mother with her correspondence.

German dentists now make false teeth of paper. They are said to be a very natural imitation of the real article and to last for years.

May: "Fred, do you ever go to horse-races, or drink, or play cards for money, or swear?" Fred, gently: "No, dear; I never swear."

The bald-headed men who sit in the front row at the theatre are termed astronomers by the ushers, because they are so fond of watching the stars.

Two Chicago men who were forced to walk after paying their fares on a street car, a short time ago, have brought suit against the railway company.

Two mountain lions engaged in a fight at Elsinore, California, recently. The following day they were found at the bottom of a reservoir in a deadly embrace.

Lord Rosebery at school was so girlish that he was nicknamed "Miss Primrose," but former schoolmates do not venture to address him now as they did, "Miss Prim."

No embarrassment is so intense as that which overcomes a young man when he first attempts to wheel a baby carriage through the streets of a town where he knows everybody.

Mr. W. S. Gilbert possesses a parrot which is said to be the finest talking bird in England. It whistles a hornpipe, sings a patter-song, and chatters to all who come into its master's mansion.

Mrs. Leland Stanford's hobby is footwear, and she seldom has less than 20 pairs of boots, shoes and slippers in her wardrobe, and each is as dainty and as perfect as the traditional Cinderella slipper.

A Bowden, Ga., editor offers to trade his watch or his wife's sewing machine for a cow warranted to give at least one gallon of milk per day, on which his family will be able to live if worst comes to worst.

Lord Rosebery made his debut as an orator at the age of 15, when he addressed a company of volunteers to whom his grandfather was giving a luncheon, and spoke so eloquently and with so much self-possession as to astonish his auditors.

The German Emperor is a genuine wine-grower, as Prince Bismarck is a trader in alcohol and lumber, from his properties. The vineyards of William II. are situated in the most renowned localities along the Rhine, like Hockheim, Erbach and Hattenheim.

Stewart Watts, of Cincinnati, met his old friend, E. M. Ayres, of Zanesville, a few days ago, and they shook hands warmly. Ayres gripped Watts' hand so tightly as to cause intense pain. Since that time Watts has been ill, his frame is wasting away, and he is thought to be slowly dying.

The way they sing "I am a pilgrim." The soprano sang in a high key, "I am a pil—" and stopped. The alto repeated "I am a pil—" the tenor acknowledged he was "a pil—" and when the bass came thundering in with the like declaration, "I am a pil—" it was too much for the gravity of the singers. "Grim" was not in it.

Father: "I am told that you are in love with Signora Fontabla de Polltema."
Son, excitedly: "Just so, father, and if you have anything to say against this estimable lady be good enough to wait until I am out of hearing." Father: "Oh, I merely wished to tell you that I courted the Signora myself when I was your age."

An original club of New York city is called the Dyspeptic Club, and eligibility for membership demands a doctor's certificate, stating that the applicant is suffering from stomachic weakness. The object of the club is to promote cheerfulness among dyspeptics and to furnish to the members the latest results of science in treating indigestion.

"I can tell more about a man from his smile," said the chaplain of a prison, "than from his promises or his regrets. A crooked smile shows that there is something wrong behind it, just as a sarcastic or a cynical smile shows a warp in the nature of the person who wears it. But, when the heart is right, the smile will be of the right kind.

In a neglected, almost forgotten spot in the village cemetery at Bainbridge, O., is the grave of Dr. William Harris, who is said to have been the first dentist to make artificial teeth in the United States. As early as 1800 Harris would cut off the human tooth, kill the nerve, bore a hole and insert a hickory plug, to which he attached the tooth of a sheep. He first called it a "pivot" tooth.

LATEST FASHION PHASES.

There is no known shade of green that is not found in this season's goods, from emerald and grass to the old bottle green. Green makes such a natural contrast to everything else. It is lovely with white, and it is beautiful with black. It blends well with all browns and grays, and when the proper shades are brought together makes a striking and pleasing contrast with heliotrope. Russet reds, fawns and mixtures, all look well with green combinations or trimming. There is probably no other color so well adapted as green to set off the beauty of another tint. Else why does nature set all her beauties in green? Artists in dry goods nowadays try to keep as close to nature as they can.

I made a delighted survey of one of the newest dresses for spring bearing the spring colors—purple and green. The dress was of rich rhadames silk, purple as the lilac buds just before they open. The skirt was plain empire style, with three bands of myrtle green velvet set around the skirt, each headed with narrow twisted chenille cords of the same shade. These reached above the knees. The corsage consisted of a pointed basque of green velvet, with a sprung ruffle around it. There was a pelerine of purple silk bordered with velvet and the chenille twists. The gigot sleeves had rows of the twist reaching just above the elbows. The collar was a plain choker and not a very high one either. In fact, tendency is very strong toward flat collars this season. Some of them are of fine lace, and some are ruffs made of tulle edged with ribbon. Tulle will be very often seen for such uses and for fancy vests. It will be set in fine puffs, narrow ruffles and plaitings in preference to the loose effects worn the last few seasons.

A faced cloth in pomegranate red, with the Tattersall waistcoat in checked "Scotch" velvet—the pattern of the tailor-cut waistcoat that became so popular last summer—is shown. The velvet is in finest check of black and white—though any of the pin-striped velvets that are now so cheap make very smart waistcoats. A checked mixture, in the silk and wool novelties, that range from $3 to $1 50 per yard, is very good choice, in places of velvet, for the waistcoat. This is for a coaching dress.

Substantial suits, suitable for everyday wear in country walks or in town, are made of diagonal tweeds in all the pretty new colors of the season—a pinky chocolate with darker brown and a slate gray with silver gray, deep blue with diagonals of clear light blue, dark myrtle green with dahlia or brown. The jacket is double-breasted, has important revers, and fastens at each side with four buttons. The basque and skirt are both full at the back, but somewhat plain in front. The suede straw hat is trimmed with plumes and a pale blue velvet rosette. The upright bow is of black satin ribbon.

Fine muslin embroidered bands are the ground work of some of the most exquisite trimmings of the year for gowns and mantles. They frequently have a double foundation, the white or ecru embroidery being laid on a gold canvas and then worked with black and turquoise, gold and black, pink, or green and black. Ecru guipures in deep vandykes are also worked all over, either with jet or iridescent beads, and can hardly be rivalled as a trimming for an opera cape. Tinsel threads make a great effect on the guipure, and on the white or ecru embroidery, with its backing of gold and red combined, are exquisite. Some of the designs are mediæval in their richness of color. White lace insertion forms the heading to bunches of jet paiettes and sequins of various shapes, alternating with perpendicular strips of insertion falling downward and mitered at the ends.

Among the short capes were several of fine broadcloth, with three rows of point de gene insertion around them and a lace and ribbon bow in front. A finer one was of emerald green velvet, with three rows of insertion and a fancy gold cord and tassels to hold the front together. One fine prune colored broadcloth cape had a yoke, with three rows of black satin ribbon quilled on. The cape was gathered to the yoke and trimmed around the bottom in the same way, with flat bands of point de gene insertion between. A superb cape was made of black moire, with a satin lining. There was a deep ruffle of fine Spanish lace, with a beading of fine jet passementerie. This fastened with a bow of ribbon and long ends.

There was a gown on show in one great shop, as they are now called, that caught my fancy as a novel novelty. It was a poplin with bias checks. Around the skirt were three bias folds, bound with velvet of the dark brown shade. The plaid was the shade of brown over pale apple green. The corsage was quite plain, with a brown velvet belt and two bias folds bound with the velvet in form of flat bretelles. The sleeves were plain gigot. Over this waist was an enormous white dimity collar, with a scalloped dimity ruffle edged with scarlet thread. Where it joined the collar was a row of fine feather stitching in scarlet. There was a round collar above this, stitched to match, and the cuffs were done in a similar manner. The whole set was strikingly pretty.

Odds and Ends.

CONCERNING THE HOUSEPLACE.

The houseplace, or kitchen, is, or should be, the very brightest, cheeriest part of the house. Is it not, indeed, the "heart of the house?" Certainly, it has more influence on the minds, tempers, and well-being of every member of the household than is exercised by any of the more dignified apartments, however faultless their arrangements may be.

How rarely do we at least in cities now meet with the home-made tea-cake, crisp and fresh from the oven, the maker's very own recipe? or the shortcake, filled with luscious fruit and smothered in cream, the fruit cheeses rich and firm? to say nothing of quince and grape jellies, fruit cordials, and the delicious home-made wines!

But a truce to reflections! We will amend our ways. Henceforward the baker round the corner will know us no more; we will make our own bread and improve the shape of our arms at the same time. We will be beholden to none for our cakes our creams, or our jellies, and we will bring our mathematics into use while we calculate to a nicety the proportions which the cook has been used to "guessing at;" and natural science aids us when we come to study temperatures, or the reason why we form a coating of the albumen near the surface when boiling meat or vegetables.

Brains and cultivation tell everywhere. Why should they be accounted as less needful in the houseplace?

To be able to solve a problem in Euclid does not unfit one for squaring domestic accounts, nor does the quickened artistic faculty suffer by being employed in embellishing gastronomic confections, homely upholstery, or the still more homely stocking-darning.

Are we enlarging the subject too much, do you say? Not at all. We can think and talk while our hands are busy.

How the sunshine lights up our shining pans, making them like silver!

Yes, in a kitchen where ladies work everything must be of the brightest and in most spotless order. The nice sense which brought such harmony of coloring into the drawing-room above, could not endure dirt or dulness here.

Modern inventions have brought out so many contrivances to lighten labor. If we are wise we shall avail ourselves of them, and so in some respects obtain an advantage over our grandmothers. Why spend time and patience unnecessarily when there are machines for stoning raisins, plums, and cherries, for slicing and shaping fruits and vegetables with a quickness and precision we can never attain by the hand?

Although the machine has yet to be invented that shall take in our soiled plates at one end, and turn them out clean at the other, there are many helps to lighten even this part of our labor. Hands need not necessarily be coarsened and roughened, nor need the process be the bugbear it so frequently is.

A few drops of ammonia or chloride of lime in stained vessels will be equal to the help of the cleverest kitchenmaid. The same will help to whiten tables and dressers, and make all wooden utensils sweet and wholsome.

Coarse sand and a piece of flannel will not quite as effectively as a scrubbing-brush, with half the labor.

What is it that makes our varnished paint and woodwork, walls and windows shine so brilliantly? Paraffin! The best paraffin essence mixed in tepid water; the surface is first washed with this, then rubbed with a soft cloth. It is a "magic cleanser" worth having. For old mahogany furniture, enamelled stoves, and mirrors too it is invaluable.

Each article has its own place in cupboard, closet or on wall, to which it returns as soon as done with, for we study method here, and economy of time as well as of pocket.

Comfortable chairs in which to sit? Why not? There are many things which can be done while sitting down, just as well as by standing, and it is our duty to consider our own physical health as well as that of others.

A GLASS factory at Liverpool now has glass journal boxes for all of its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof, and a smokestack 105 feet high built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

IRISH DROLLERY.

An amusing story is related of Daines Barrington, the eminent jurist, and Recorder of Bristol. Having to appear for a plaintiff in a case at Clonmel, he let into the defendant in unmeasured terms. The individual inveighed against not being present, only heard of the invectives. After Barrington, however, had got back into Dublin the defendant, a Tipperary named Foley, lost no time in paying his compliments to the counsel. He rode all day and night, and, covered with sleet, arrived before Barrington's residence in Harcourt Street, Dublin. Throwing the bridle of his smoking horse over the railing of the area, he announced his arrival by a thundering knock at the door. Barrington's valet answered the summons, and, opening the street-door, beheld the apparition of the rough-coated Tipperary fire-eater, with a large stick under his arm, and the sleet sticking to his bushy whiskers.

"Is your master up?" demanded the visitor, in a voice that gave some intimation of the object of his journey.

"No," answered the man.

"Then give him my compliments, and say Mr. Foley—he'll know the name—will be glad to see him."

The valet went up stairs and gave his master, who was in bed, the early visitor's message.

"Then don't let Mr. Foley in for your life," said Barrington, "for it is not a hare or a brace of ducks that he has come to present me with."

The man was leaving the bedroom when a rough wet coat pushed by him, while a thick voice said, "By your leave," and at the same time Mr. Foley entered the bedroom.

"You know my business, sir," said he to Barrington. "I have made a journey to teach you manners, and it's not my purpose to return until I have broken every bone in your body;" and at the same time he cut a figure of eight with his shillelah before the cheval glass.

"You do not mean to say you would murder me in bed!" exclaims Daines, who had as much honor as cool courage.

"No," replied the other; "but get up as soon you can."

"Yes," replied Daines, "that you might fell me the moment I put myself out of the blankets."

"No," replied the other; "I pledge you my word not to touch you till you are out of bed."

"You won't!"

"No."

"Upon your honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"That is enough," Daines said, turning and making himself comfortable, and seeming as though he meant to fall asleep. "I have the honor of an Irish gentleman, and may rest as safe as though I were under the Castle guard."

The Tipperary salamander looked marvellously astonished at the pretended sleeper, but soon Daines began to snore.

"Hullos!" said Foley, "aren't you going to get up?"

"No," said Daines; "I have the word of an Irish gentleman that he will not strike me in bed, and I am sure I am not going to get up to have my bones broken. I will never get up again. In the meantime, Mr. Foley, if you should want your breakfast, ring the bell; the best in the house is at your service. The morning paper will be here presently, but be sure and air it before reading, for there is nothing from which a man so quickly catches cold as reading a damp journal," and Daines affected to go to sleep.

The Tip had fun in him too, as well as ferocity; he could not resist the cunning of the counsel.

"Get up, Mr. Barrington," said he; "for in bed or out of bed, I have not the pluck to hurt so droll a heart."

The result was, that in less than an hour afterwards Daniel Barrington and his intended murderer were sitting down to a warm breakfast, the latter only intent upon assaulting a dish of smoking chops.

Do you want to laugh? get that inimitable book "Samantha at Saratoga" and you can't help laughing. In that book "Josiah Allen's Wife," in a vein of strong common sense, yet pure and innocent as a child, keeps the reader crammed with the sharpest hits and funniest observations spiced with stinging sarcasm and flavored with sound moral lessons, as she takes off, in her inimitable, mirth-provoking style, the Follies, Flirtations, Pug Dogs, Low Neck Dressing, Water Craze, Josiah's Perversities, Tobogganing, Roller-Skating, and a thousand other curious things that one of her keen sense of the humorous discovers in That World of Gayety at Saratoga. It is indeed the funniest book yet. See offer on another page.

R. R. R.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

For Internal and External Use.

In using medicines to stop pain we should avoid such as inflict injury on the system. Opium, Morphine, Chloroform, Ether, Cocaine and Choloral stop pain by destroying the sense of perception, the patient losing the power of feeling. This is a most destructive practice; it makes the symptoms, shuts up, and, instead of removing trouble, breaks down the stomach, liver and bowels, and, if continued for a length of time, kills the nerves and produces local or general paralysis.

There is no necessity for using these uncertain agents when a positive remedy like RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will stop the most excruciating pain quicker, without entailing the least danger, in either infant or adult.

It instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation and cures congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or mucous membranes.

FOR SPRAINS, BRUISES, BACKACHE, PAIN IN THE CHEST OR SIDES, HEADACHE, TOOTHACHE OR ANY OTHER EXTERNAL PAIN, a few applications act like magic, causing the pain to instantly stop.

It surpasses all other remedies in the wonderful power which it possesses of curing

RHEUMATISM and NEURALGIA.

The application of the READY RELIEF to the part or parts where the difficulty or pain exists will afford ease and comfort.

Instantly relieves and soon cures

Sore Throat,	Colds, Coughs,
Inflammation,	Sciatica,
Lumbago,	Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,	Influenza,

Difficult Breathing.

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Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

"The Cosmopolitan" for April contains a lot of magnificently illustrated articles. Among them "A Story by Napoleon Bonaparte," "The Romance of the Great Canal," "Under the Cross of St. Andrew," "The Nautilus," and other additional matters of interest are "Some Colonial Women," "The Origin of the Thought and Home Rule in Cities," etc. Published at New York.

"Cassell's Family Magazine," for April, gives as its opening attraction three chapters of a new serial story, by Clara E. Cheeseman, entitled "On a Lee Shore." The story opens with bright promise, and is beautifully illustrated. Three interesting short stories are given, all illustrated, and the miscellaneous articles present an admirable variety. The frontispiece, "A Dainty Maiden," is an exquisite picture. Published at New York.

"The Century" for April makes a new departure in printing a story told wholly in picture. The artist is Andre Castaigne, whose World's Fair pictures and other drawings for The Century are well known. The subject is the course of the emigrant "From the Old World to the New." A notable feature in this number is a story by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, entitled "The Supply at Saint Agatha's." Other fiction includes the third part of "Coeur d'Alene" and Mark Twain's "Pudd'nhead Wilson." An entirely novel interest also attaches to John G. Nicolay's paper on "Lincoln's Literary Experiments." There is an illustrated paper by F. Marion Crawford on "The Gods of India," and the other articles, both illustrated and unillustrated, all help to make this a number of unsurpassed interest. Published at New York.

The two serial stories which have been delighting the young readers of "St. Nicholas" for the past few months—"Tom Sawyer," by Mark Twain, and "Toinette's Philip," by Mrs. C. V. Jamison—come to a close in the April number. Howard Pyle opens a story entitled "Jack Ballister's Fortunes," illustrated in his own artistic style. In the "City Series" Charles H. Shinn gives a most interesting descriptive sketch of San Francisco; and in the "Natural History Series" W. F. Hornaday sketches in a bright way "Our Wolves and Foxes," both articles being beautifully illustrated. There is an abundance of other stories, sketches of adventure, travel, etc., with a very delightful variety of verses, jingles, and pictures for the smaller children. Published at New York.

POVERTY.

"What is bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood."

So we read in Dryden's oft-quoted couplet. And beautiful though it may be in theory—its precepts calling forth the Spartan qualities of endurance and resolution—but put them into practice, and very unsatisfactory will be found the "virtue" thereof.

Better can we understand Ouida's definition, who, sympathising with the fortunes of one of her characters, observes—"Poverty is a kind of blindness. We can only grope through life when we are poor."

And this, in our view, is one of the hardest forms of poverty—the inevitable repression—the crushing out of Life's sweetness, and the withering of its early flowers, whose bloom and fragrance no after sunshine can evermore restore.

Another phase, and perhaps the bitterest under which we may view this dire foe, is the dependence it entails.

There is yet a deeper sorrow, more heartrending, even, than these—for they are but personal inflictions, and as such may be borne alone; but to look around one's impoverished home, helplessly and hopelessly, must surely be the climax of all suffering. "For," says Richter, "poverty is the only burthen which is not lightened by being shared with others."

And now having bewailed and bemourned this calamity in our own words, and the more memorable ones of others, let us hail the laudation of a brave enthusiast, who discovers not only the virtues of poverty, but its powers and its grandeur:

"They have persecuted the good goddess, but they cannot debase her. She has taken refuge in the souls of poets, of peasants, of artists, of martyrs and of saints. Many a divine secret has she taught her children, for it is she who does all the greatest and most beautiful things that are done in the world.

"It is she who cultivates the fields and prunes the trees—who drives the herds to pasture, singing the while all sweet songs—who sees the daybreak and catches the sun's first smile.

"It is she who inspires the poet, who makes eloquent the musician, and who instructs the dexterous artisan, and teaches him to hew stone, to carve marble, to fashion gold and silver, copper and iron.

"It is she who supplies oil for the lamp, who reaps the harvest fields, kneads bread for us, weaves our garments in summer and winter, and who maintains and feeds the world.

"It is she who nurses us in infancy, succors us in sickness, and attends us to the silent sleeping place of death.

"Thou art all gentleness, all patience, all strength and all compassion. It is thou who dost reunite thy children in a holy love, givest them charity, faith, hope, oh, goddess of Poverty!"

SUPERSTITION ABOUT STORMS.—Caverns were supposed by the Romans to be secure places of refuge during thunderstorms, and they believed that lightning never penetrated more than two yards into the earth. Acting on this superstition, the Emperor Augustus used to withdraw into some deep vault of the palace whenever a tempest was feared, and it is recorded by Suetonius that he always wore a skin of seal around his body against lightning. That both precautions were equally unavailing need scarcely to be mentioned.

Lightning has been known to strike ten feet into the earth; but not even the marvelous accuracy of modern science can determine at what distance from the surface a safe retreat may be found from the descending fluid; and even were this ascertained, the dangers from ascending electric currents remain the same.

With regard to sealskins, we find that the Romans attached so much faith to them as non-conductors that tents were made of them, beneath which the timid used to take refuge. It is a somewhat curious fact that in the neighborhood of Mount Cevennes, in the Languedoc, where, anciently, some Roman colonies were known to have existed, the shepherds cherish a similar superstition respecting the skins of serpents. These they carefully collect, and having covered their hats withal, believe themselves secure against the dangers of the storm.

M. Labossiere is disposed to see a link of interesting analogy between the legend which yet lingers in the mind of the peasant of Cevennes and the more costly superstition held in reverence by his Latin ancestors.

The emperors of Japan retire into a deep grotto during the tempests which rage in such severity in their latitude, but not satisfied with the profundity of excavation, or the strength of the stones of which it is built, they complete their precautions by having a reservoir of water sunk in their retreat. The water is intended to extinguish the lightning—a measure equally futile, since many instances have been preserved in which the fluid has fallen upon the water with the same destructive effects as upon land.

THE DIFFERENCE.—When Dr. Depew recently crossed the Atlantic on his return home from Europe, the usual swarm of yarn-spinners gathered nightly in the smoking-room of the steamer to tell stories and chat about things in general. Every soul save one in the party took part.

The exceptional member did not laugh or indicate by even a twinkle of the eyes any interest in the funniest jokes, and was as silent as a door-knob at the best stories. This conduct began to nettle Mr. Depew and the other spirits, and, when the final seance came around, they had lost all patience with the reticent and unresponsive stranger. Mr. Depew was selected to bring him to terms. They were all comfortably seated, and in came the stranger.

"See here, my dear sir," said Mr. Depew—"won't you tell a story?"

"I never told one in my life."

"Sing a song?"

"Can't sing."

"Know any jokes?" persisted Mr. Depew.

"No."

Mr. Depew and all were prepared to give it up, when the stranger stammered and hesitated, and finally made it known that he knew just one conundrum.

"Give it to us," said Mr. Depew and the others, in chorus.

"What is the difference between a turkey and me?" solemnly asked the stranger.

"Give it up," said Chairman Depew.

"The difference between a turkey and me," mildly said the stranger, "is that they usually stuff the bird with chestnuts after death. I am alive."

"FIVE MINUTES" FROM EVERYWHERE.—Everybody knows the house that is advertised as being "five minutes" from everywhere, and consequently a miracle of convenience. The house has been snug of late by a poet—"'Five minutes' from a grocery (it takes three hours to send); 'Five minutes' from a church by far too distant to attend; 'Five minutes' from the schoolhouse two miles and more away; 'Five minutes' from a post-office you reach in half a day; 'Five minutes' from the woodpile, the barn, and the front fence; 'Five minutes' from the clothes-line and the pump—let me go hence!"

JOSIAH.

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Humorous.

A CLOSE CALL.

They sat within the big armchair,
And gently he looked down
Into her trusted face and said,
"That is a lovely gown."

"I am so glad you like it, dear,"
Replied the little maid.
"It is a simple dress, and yet
With my own hands 'twas made."

"And do you always make your gowns?"
He said, with a voice that grew
Quite anxious in its tender tone,
And she replied, "I do."

"Why, just think, dear, how much I save.
For instance, take this gown,
By making it myself I paid
But fifty dollars down."

Then George went out into the air,
And sought a vacant spot,
And when he'd kicked himself, he said,
"What might have been my lot!"

—U. N. Nown.

A building lot—Masons and bricklayers.

About the first thing lost at sea was the sight of land.

May not a bar of very exultant music be called a crow-bar?

"He went to the office loaded, you say. What was the result?" "He was fired."

While walking in the sunshine don't forget that the shadow is only across the street.

"Say, Mike, why don't you buy a bicycle?" "Bekase, if I want to walk, I'll walk standing up."

Printer: "Three men called with bills, this morning." Editor, absent-mindedly: "Fives or tens?"

"Do you know your alphabet, Johnny?" "Yes." "What letter comes after B?" "Oh, lots of 'em. Twenty-four altogether."

"What dis country wants," said Uncle Mose, "is some sort ob patent contraption whar a man can drap a nickel in de slot an' git religion."

"Will you love me when I am old?" simpered Miss Oldgirl to her youthful intended. "Why, my darling, I do!" responded he, in mild surprise.

"Everybody spoke well of him after he was dead."

"What did they say?"

"They said the corpse looked elegant."

"Hit am one ob de fus' principles ob jommetry," said Uncle Eben, "dat er man kain't make his life or complete round ob pleasure an' at de same time keep it square."

Doctor: "Madame, I find that your daughter has pneumonia in its worst form."

Mrs. Nurich: "Well, I don't see how it can be; we've money enough to get the best kind there is to be had."

"Jones made me smile," said Roystering Blade.

"How was that?"

"Asked me to take a drink and wouldn't take 'no' for a refusal."

"What's the subject at the debating club to-night?" "We are going to try to find out which is the most astonished—a sixteen-year old girl when a man proposes to her, or the man when she refuses him."

Cholly Dudeleigh has been addressed by another young man at a crowded reception. Cholly, haughtily: "Youah face is familiar, but I cawn't place you." The other: "I am a clerk at Ikestein's loan office."

Hoax: "Did you hear about the miracle up in Kensington?"

Joax: "No, what was it?"

Hoax: "A blind man decided to build a house, and the very next day he got his site."

"Haw, haw, haw!" laughed Chollie Sappyheddo. "I rather got the best of a blawsted mind reader yesterday. I went to him to see if he could read me mind, don't-cherknow, and the beggar said it would be impossible."

Beggar, who has just received a nickel: "Thanks, kind sir. I'll do my best for you."

Mr. Bountiful: "What can you do for me?"

Beggar: "I will recommend you to my friends."

Inquiring child: "Father, there's a lot in this book about Othello. Who was Othello?"

Father: "Othello! Why, bless me, my boy, do you mean to tell me you go to Sunday school and don't know a simple thing like that? I'm ashamed of you!"

The young man in the dress suit had attended a festive social gathering in the Auditorium building and was slowly wending his way homeward. "Off'sher," he said, addressing a policeman at a street corner, "wh-where c'n I get a cab?" "If you will go two blocks west and one block south," replied the officer, sizing him up as he spoke, "you will see two cabs. Climb into the first one. The other one won't be there."

APPARITIONS OF FAMOUS MEN.—Goethe states that he one day saw the exact counterpart of himself coming towards him.

Pope saw an arm apparently come through the wall, and made inquiries after its owner.

Byron often received visits from a spectre, but he knew it to be a creation of imagination.

Dr. Johnson heard his mother call his name in a clear voice, though she was at the time in another city.

Count Emanuel Swedenborg believed that he had the privilege of interviewing persons in the spirit world.

Loyola lying wounded during the siege of Pampeluna saw the Virgin, who encouraged him to prosecute his mission.

Sir Joshua Reynolds, leaving his house, thought the lamps were trees, and the men and women bushes agitated by the breeze.

Oliver Cromwell, lying sleepless on his couch, saw the curtains open and a gigantic woman appear, who told him he would become the greatest man in England.

Ben Jonson spent the watches of the night an interested spectator of a crowd of Tartars, Turks and Roman Catholics, who rose up and fought round his armchair till sunrise.

Benvenuto Cellini, imprisoned at Rome, resolved to free himself by self destruction, but was deterred by the apparition of a woman of wondrous beauty, whose reproaches turned him from his purpose.

Napoleon once called attention to a bright star he believed he saw shining in his room, and said: "It has never deserted me. I see it on the occasion of every great event, urging me onward. It is my unfailing omen of success."

MOROCCO'S MUFFLED WOMEN.—There is something continually interesting in the muffled figures of the women of Morocco. They make you almost ashamed of the uncovered faces of Englishwomen; and in the lack of any evidence to the contrary, you begin to believe every Moorish woman or girl you meet is beautiful, as her eyes would make it appear that she is.

Those of the girls whose faces I saw, says a recent writer, were distinctly handsome; they were the women Benjamin Constant paints in his pictures of Algiers, and about whom Pierre Loti goes into ecstasies in his book on Tangier. Their robe or cloak, or whatever the thing is they affect, covers the head like a hood, and with one hand they hold one of its folds in front of the face as high as their eyes.

The only times that I ever saw the face of any of them was when I occasionally ran off with a little guide called Isaac, the especial protector of two American women, who farmed him out to me when they preferred to remain in the hotel.

He is a particularly beautiful youth, and I noticed that whenever he was with me the cloaks of the women had a fashion of coming undone, and they would lower them for an instant and look at Isaac, and then replace them severely on the bridge of the nose.

Then Isaac would turn towards me with a shy conscious smile, and blush violently. Isaac says the young men of Tangier can tell whether or not a girl is pretty by looking at her feet. It is true that their feet are bare, but it struck me as a somewhat reckless test for selecting a bride.

"HE'LL STEAL YOUR SHOES."—This expression is used in China to describe an arrant knave and pilferer. It is hundreds of years old and is based on an adventure perpetuated through the medium of decorated crockery ware.

A wealthy Chinaman, whose gorgeously embroidered shoes were the envy of the community was, according to the legend, despoiled of his pride in the following manner:—

A rascal one day rushed up, and gave the rich man a hearty blow on the back and seizing the astonished man's hat pitched it upon a high wall. The next moment the fellow seemed to discover that it was not an old friend whom he was greeting so enthusiastically and apologized profusely.

"How shall I shall get my hat?" inquired the man with the beautiful shoes.

"Jump on my back and you can reach it," replied the schemer.

The suggestion was carried out, but while the hatless man was reaching for his head covering, the rascal slipped off the handsome shoes and made away, leaving the trusting and simple-minded millionaire clutching the wall.

SHE OBJECTED.—Dr. Peddie of Edinburgh on one occasion was presented by the ladies of his congregation with a pulpit gown. The doctor, on the Sunday after it was presented, intimated to the people in the church—"The ladies have been kind enough to present me with a pulpit gown; but, lest any member should object to my wearing it, I shall not put it on yet, and will hear objections on Thursday night." Nobody came to object but one old lady. The doctor said, "Well, Janet, what objections have you to the pulpit gown?" "Aweel, sir," said Janet, "we never read o' the apostle Paul wearing a gown." The doctor rejected, "You are quite right, Janet; but we never read of St. Paul wearing breeks." That satisfied the old lady.

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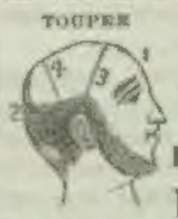
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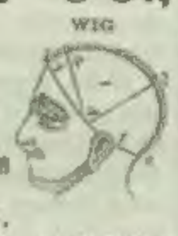
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No. 4. Over the crown of the head.	No. 4. From ear to ear round the forehead.

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MRS. EDMONDSON GORTER.
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Leave New York, foot of Liberty street, 4.30, 8.00, 9.00, 10.00, 11.30 a m, 1.30, 3.00, 4.00, 5.00, 6.00, 7.30, 8.45 p m, 12.15 night. Sundays, 5.30, 9.00, 11.30, a m, 1.30, 5.00, 7.30 p m, 12.15 night.

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FOR BETHLEHEM, EASTON AND POINTS IN LEHIGH AND WYOMING VALLEYS, 8.05, 8.00, 9.00 a m, 2.00, 4.30, 5.20, 6.45, 9.45 p m. Sundays—6.27, 8.05, 9.00 a m, 4.15, 6.45, 9.45 p m.

FOR SCHUYLKILL VALLEY POINTS.

For Phœnixville and Pottstown—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, 11.05 a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15, 11.42 a m, 5.30, p m.

For Reading—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 12.45, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40, a m, 1.40, 4.32, 5.22 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 8.15 a m, 5.30 p m.

For Lebanon and Harrisburg—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6 00 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m, Sunday—Express, 4.00, a m.

For Pottsville—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12, 7.40 a m, 1.40 p m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m. Accom., 5.30 p m.

For Shamokin—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 6.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 4.00, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

For Williamsport—Express, 8.35, 10.00 a m, 4.00, 11.30 p m. Accom., 4.12 a m. Sunday—Express, 9.05 a m, 11.30 p m.

FOR ATLANTIC CITY.

Leave Chestnut Street and South Street Wharves: Week-days—Express 9.00 a m, (Saturday only 2.00) 4.00, 5.00 p m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 5.45 p m. Sundays—Express, 9.00, 10.00 a m. Accom., 8.00 a m, 4.30 p m. Parlor Cars on all express trains.

Brigantine, week-days, 8.00 a m, 5.00 p m.

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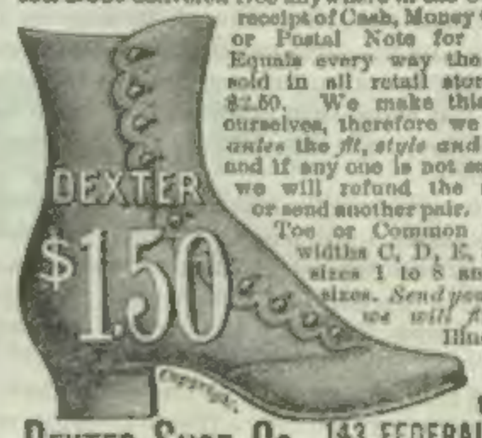

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